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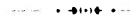
OF PUDSEY.

MAN "MIGHTY IN THE SCRIPTURES," AND "GREATLY BELOVED."

BY

REV. ALFRED COLBECK,

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P R E F A C E .

THE preparation of the following pages at the request of the Book Room Committee, has been a labour of love. That the memory of dear old John Shaw might be preserved among us, that the fragrance of his sanctified life might not be permitted to waste itself, and die away, has been a cherished wish of my heart for several years. These pages are sent forth in the hope that they will serve to stamp his likeness more clearly and lastingly upon our minds, and help to make his devoted life an abiding inspiration to faithful service in the cause of the Master.

My hearty thanks are due to many people, who knew John well, for the prompt and willing assistance they have rendered me. Ministers of other Denominations, as well as our own, and friends in various parts of the Connexion, have supplied me with material for the memoir; and I trust they will accept, one and all, the grateful acknowledgments which I now sincerely offer them. To Mr. Boyes, of Pudsey, for information concerning John Shaw's early life, my thanks are especially due.

A. C.

March, 1890.

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JOHN SHAW, OF PUDSEY.

Chapter I.—EARLY YEARS.

PUDSEY is one of those towns, which, with more directness than courtesy, people are sometimes told to "go to." Its local historian, Mr. Simeon Rayner, acknowledges that "Pudsey, in the early years of the present century, had a somewhat unenviable reputation. . . . The very name of the place furnished amusement for many a long year, and anything belonging to it was thought fair game for sport." Pudsey, however, is an interesting town in many ways, and well worth a visit because of its pleasant situation, the manufacture of woollen cloth largely carried on within its borders, the varied phases of religious life which here have found a congenial home, and the unconventional habits of its simple-minded people. The people may have been at one time very credulous and easily taken in; the town is built with a refreshing disregard to any kind of plan, and goes straggling down the long slope from the top to the bottom; the sound of the name, aided by its associations, easily lends itself to ridicule, and yet, after all, a man might go to many a worse place than Pudsey.

The town is situated about mid-way between Leeds and Bradford on one of the numerous hills into which the West Riding of Yorkshire is picturesquely broken. On three sides it is divided from neighbouring townships by deep and narrow valleys. Two of these are wooded ; the third has been cleared, and built upon : the only part of the township not bounded by a sharp declivity is the part that gently slopes away towards Stanningley. The situation of Pudsey, with its straggling houses, and long, rambling street, has led to its natural division into two parts, Lowtown and Fartown.

At Fartown, on the 25th of March, 1814, James and Mary Shaw were blessed by a first-born child, a son, who was named after one of his father's brothers, John. It was an obscure entrance into life. Very few people, beyond his immediate relatives, were interested in the event ; and no one could foresee that this frail bit of humanity would live to bless many a home, and endear himself, as a man of God, to thousands who were privileged to hear the Gospel from his lips, and to behold the Gospel in his life.

John Shaw came of a good stock. On both sides his ancestors were poor, but industrious and God-fearing people. His grandfather, James Shaw, who was born in 1753, was for many years a member of the Independent Church at Pudsey. This Church was formed in 1662 by the Rev. Elkanah Wales, one of the famous two thousand, who was then ejected from the living at Pudsey after having held it faithfully for 48 years. James Shaw, John's grandfather, attended the services of this old Nonconformist meeting in his early days, and, under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Laird, a warm-hearted, evangelical preacher, he became a member, and continued in membership until his death in 1837, at the ripe age of 84 years. John Shaw's maternal grandfather,

Joseph Tennant, was a Methodist, connected with the Wesleyan community until the formation in Pudsey of the Methodist New Connexion, and then freely cast in his lot with the Denomination whose principles and polity commended themselves to his judgment and conscience. He was a fervent and genial-natured man, with a good ear for music, and a sweet voice, and, as a class-leader and Sunday School Superintendent, as well as in other ways, greatly assisted in the establishment and growth of the newly-formed religious society.

When John Shaw was born, working people were not so comfortably circumstanced as they are now. For three hundred years the neighbourhood of Pudsey has been the seat of the woollen cloth industry; and, at the beginning of the present century, when commercial life was crippled by vast and expensive wars, and hindered in its development by unwise legislation, the spinners and weavers of the West Riding must have suffered severely, and been hard taxed at times to earn sufficient for their daily needs. The pressure of poverty could not have been so heavy in manufacturing centres as it was in localities purely agricultural, but, where families were large, and children still young, the pressure in manufacturing centres must have been heavy enough to produce chronic anxiety, and reduce some families to the point of starvation. A working man's wages were from eight to ten shillings per week; flour was sold at five to seven shillings per stone; what we regard as common articles of diet were then luxuries which the poor seldom, if ever, tasted; and the staple food of working people was oat-bread,—*havercake*, as it is still called, a verbal remnant of the Norse settlements among the hills of the West Riding,—and oatmeal porridge. A regiment of soldiers mainly raised at this time in this part of Yorkshire were known by their comrades as “Havercake lads”; and

brittle "havercake," suspended by strings from the ceilings of cottages in the West Riding, is a common sight even at this day.

Young John Shaw fared liked other poor Yorkshire lads. Oatmeal porridge and "havercake" were his daily food, with a drop of weak tea, and a small piece of wheat bread on Sundays, and occasionally a taste of flesh meat, and then mostly the pork of a neighbour's pig; and on this he grew, and strengthened, and in time became able to earn a little in support of himself and the rest of the family. For, in quick succession, children came into the home, and, as the mouths multiplied, the father felt the strain of providing for them all by his own labour. He was both a spinner and weaver of woollen cloth, and, therefore, had some small advantage over those who were trained simply for the one occupation. As child after child, however, made good its claim to a place in the household and a share of his earnings, until, at last, there were eight of them to provide for, he must have found it difficult to supply food, and clothing, and shelter for the big little family,—the eight small children,—who were dependent upon him; and he would be glad when John could work at all, and add, no matter how little, to his own weekly store.

James Shaw was an ingenious man. By the time his eldest son was able to share the toil necessary for the support of the household, he was prepared with the kind of toil suited to John's strength,—fairly remunerative toil, without involving much outlay. He bought two donkeys, and set John to work to drive these donkeys from Pudsey to Tong to the coal stacks there, and, after loading, to bring back the coals in sacks to Pudsey. John was about eight years old when he entered on this employment, and he followed it for nine years. His

father was probably influenced in this choice of employment for his eldest son by the affliction to which, almost from his birth, and until he was thirty years old, he was painfully subject. He had fits, suddenly becoming unconscious, falling down in the paroxysm as if his life were about prematurely to terminate ; and it was a thoughtful and kindly act to provide for him a not too arduous out-door occupation, in which, without overtaxing his strength, he might have all the benefit of exercise in the fresh air. The less frequent attacks as he grew older, and the departure of the attacks altogether when he developed into full manhood, were doubtless owing partly to the kind of work he was put to during the most critical period of his physical life. If his father had not been so considerate, but had sent him to labour *in* the pit instead of *out* of it, or even had set him in those early years to the close in-door occupation of spinning or weaving, John might have carried his distressing affliction with him to the end of his days.

The money earned by John, in carrying coals on the backs of the donkeys, was very welcome. Soon after he commenced this work the woollen trade began to decline. A severe panic set in ; the two spinning jennies and the two looms, owned and worked by his father, and which stood in the chamber attached to his father's house, were silenced, like many others in the district ; and James Shaw, with the rest of the people, had to turn his attention for a while to the weaving of cotton until the woollen trade revived. The second son, only a year younger than John, was taught at this time how to weave cotton, although he was only eight years old, but, by the time he was thirteen, the panic had passed away, and he began to weave woollen ; while the mother's nimble fingers went willingly back to spinning

the weft not simply for her husband's loom now, but also for her son's.

The way from Pudsey to Tong, by which John drove the donkeys, is much the same now as it was then. After turning the brow of the hill, the road dips rapidly down into the valley beneath the Moravian settlement at Fulneck, and climbs almost straight up the opposite steep slope alongside the wooded grounds of Tong Hall, the seat of the Tempest family. The road then turns round by Tong church,—a quaint building, secluded, with the grassy village green yet outside its gates, and the ancient wooden stocks padlocked, and in excellent preservation, and an old-world stillness lingering in very marked contrast with the surrounding industries. Thence the high road leads towards the coal stacks in the direction of Birkenshaw. In going down Tong hill, and up Roker Lane, it was not easy to keep the balanced sack of coal on the donkey's back. However careful the precautions, sometimes a false step on the donkey's part, or the descent or ascent of a steeper gradient, would send the sack of coals rolling down the hill. Other lads, beside John, were employed in carrying coals, and, when an accident of this kind happened, they had to help one another to lift the sack again upon the back of the donkey. When John wanted assistance he would appeal to his fellows.

“Nah lads! help us up wi' t'coils.”

“Not we,” one would answer, winking at his companions. “Tha mun lift 'em up thyssen.”

“You knaw varry weel 'at ah cannot. Come, nah, help us up. Dunnut læave a chap i't' lurch.”

“Well, Jan, we'll help tha up wi' t'coils,” the spokesman would reply, as a smile passed round the company, “if tha'll kneel thee dahn, an' pray.”

They had become acquainted with John's prayerful

habit, and his interest,—an unusual interest for a lad of ten years,—in all religious matters. Down John would go, when he saw it was the only way of restoring the burden to the back of the beast, and, closing his eyes against the amusement of his fellows, in all simplicity and reverence, he would pray,—pray with genuine religious feeling, for the amusement of his companions never broke out into jeers, and was not unfrequently quieted into a mild wonder, while, when the prayer was over, the promise was always fulfilled, and John was able to go on his way rejoicing !

The purchase of these two donkeys for John eventually proved a good thing for the family. When the third son grew up, and was able to work a little, other two donkeys were purchased, and John had his brother for a companion in the coal trade. After a while a cart was added to the working plant, then a horse ; and the father obtained the right of cutting grass on the waste grounds, and beneath the hedges, in the neighbourhood of Fulneck. In the long summer evenings, when he had finished his spinning or weaving for the day, he would start off to collect fodder for the animals, and return late with a large bundle of grass, securely tied together, and borne across his shoulders. When the horse was bought, the third son gave up coal carrying, and began work as an itinerant greengrocer ; a part of the house was turned into a greengrocer's shop ; and this trade was carried on uninterruptedly by the family for thirty years.



Chapter II.—RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

“WHEN was John converted?” I asked of one who had known him from his earliest years.

“Aye, bless you, he wor niver nowt else. He wor al’us a gooid lad, wor John,—al’us fond o’ singin’, and prayin’, and preychin’. When we wor varry little he used to tak’ us into t’corner of a cloise, and preych away to us like all that.”

John himself had no recollection of the time and place of his conversion. In giving his experience, he generally said, “Jesus saved me when I first believed,” but when the first believing was, the first definite exercise of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he could not remember. While yet a child his heart was gently opened. The current of his thought and feeling was turned heavenwards, and continued all his life steadily running in the same direction. Several causes contributed to this gracious result, chief among which doubtless was the influence of his mother. She was a pious woman, witnessing to the power of religion in her own home, and adorned with the “meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

Mary Shaw was converted not long after her marriage, and from that time until her death maintained an even and constant affection for her Saviour, and an unwavering attachment to God’s people. She said little. Her religion was in deeds, not words. In speaking of her

other members of the church would say, "She isn't a gre't talkin' Christian, but she's a good livin' and walkin' Christian." In a memoir, written by the Rev. John Addyman soon after her death, our worthy and revered brother, who had special opportunities of knowing her, said, "Her industry, her economy, and all her domestic habits gave strength and lustre to her character. . . . Such was her moral influence in her family, secured by kindness, firmness, and devoted piety, that they all looked up to her with the greatest deference and respect." She was a very diligent reader of God's Word. "Her Bible was her constant companion, and she perused it with attention and delight."

The example of such a mother would have a very beneficial effect upon an impressionable nature like John Shaw's. He was her first-born. The remarkable evidence which he gave even in his childhood of a decided preference for religious things would favourably affect his mother, and she would be careful to foster and strengthen this preference in every possible way. At his mother's side he first learnt to revere the Word of God, and by her example was led to search diligently its sacred pages, thereby laying the foundation of that wide, deep, and thorough knowledge of the Bible which was so impressive a feature of his ministry, and in which very largely consisted the secret of his success. Of him it could be said, as of Timothy, and with singular appropriateness, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

His mother's training was supplemented by attendance at the Sunday School. Like many other poor lads at that day John received his education exclusively in the Sunday School. It was scanty enough, but sufficient to enable him to intelligently read God's Word, and, by

persistent study, to become master of it, in its English version at any rate, from beginning to end, and readily to quote from its pages, and make the most skilful use of its teaching. Day schools were very few, and comparatively expensive, sixty or seventy years ago, even if the children of the poor had been at liberty to attend, but they were not, for, like John Shaw, they were sent early to work, and kept busily employed all the day long. Sunday schools came to the rescue, and not only saved the children from ignorance and vice, but inspired many with a desire for knowledge, and a regard for morality which lifted them above their surroundings, and made them useful citizens, and efficient servants of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The only important day school in the neighbourhood of Pudsey during John's childhood was connected with the Moravian settlement at Fulneck. But, with their characteristic Christian zeal, this worthy community established a Sunday school at Fulneck in 1800, and to this Sunday school John was first sent, and received therein his earliest religious instruction outside his own home. The honour of establishing this Sunday school is due to Christian Ignatius La Trobe,—a distinguished member of a family intimately associated with the settlement at Fulneck, and the church of *Unitas Fratrum*, (as the Moravians often style themselves) for 150 years. John's teacher in the Moravian Sunday school, says, "I had him in my class when a very young lad. He was quiet and studious. Whilst the other lads were full of fun and frolic, John would sit as if lost in deep thought, and he would never speak unless he was spoken to. I often used to wonder what sort of a man he would turn out to be." There was a fitness in the commencement of John's religious training among the Moravians. He never resided far from Fulneck, and

several years he resided close by ; visited their houses and preached in their chapels ; was on terms of free and loving fellowship with many of their ministers ; held them, as they held him, in the highest esteem ; and was oftener employed by them in Christian service than any other man outside their own community. Sometimes John would be asked, in after life, by people who knew of his intimate knowledge of the Moravians,

“ John, what sort of a religion is t’ Moravian’s ? ”

And John would shew his affectionate regard for them by replying, “ As much of Jesus as iver they can get in.”

John did not attend the Moravian Sunday school very long. A Sunday school was established in connection with the church of which his mother was a member. His father and uncle both became teachers in this Sunday school, and his grandfather, Joseph Tennant, was elected superintendent. John entered as a scholar, and, as he passed through the various classes, was noted for his quiet and grave demeanour, and his earnest desire to understand the Scriptures,—a very marked contrast to the other lads of his own age.

The discipline in Sunday schools was very much ruder then than now. Corporal punishment was sometimes resorted to. Extreme measures were adopted to maintain order, not now desirable, if indeed desirable at any time. When John was twelve years old, a mischievous lad broke the rules of the school, and laid the blame upon him. The other lads of the school were only too willing to connive at the wrongful charge. The superintendent, not John’s grandfather, but another man, accepted the charge as correct, notwithstanding John’s protestations of innocence. He called upon him to stand up, as a culprit, in presence of the assembled scholars. John refused. He was smarting keenly beneath the blame that belonged to another. His

nature was very susceptible to injury of this kind. He would not acknowledge the guilt when he knew that he was not guilty. The superintendent then went to him, dragged him from his seat, and, having obliged him to stand up, tied him fast with a rope in an upright position, and left him to be gazed upon as the wrongdoer by all the other children. It was a cruel thing to do, especially to one of John's temperament, and if his religious yearnings had not conquered his repugnance, he might never have been seen at the school again.

The Methodist New Connexion Society in Pudsey was formed five years before the establishment of the Sunday school. In the summer of 1818, three zealous men connected with old Ebenezer in Leeds visited Pudsey, one to preach, the other two to distribute tracts and invite the people to the outdoor service. The preacher was John Steele, a man of fine presence, commanding voice, and great enthusiasm. The Rev. Samuel Hulme, who knew him well, says, "His piety was earnest and glowing, having much of the rugged force and rich evangelical unction which characterized the first race of Methodists." He was one of the old school. When speaking of his conversion, he used to say, "The Lord met me in a narrow lane," referring to the bereavement of a dear little child, and its effect upon him. He was kneeling in a malt-kiln, when he realized forgiveness through believing, and so sudden and joyous was the change, that he "thought the sun had burst into the malt-kiln, it was so full of light and glory." This man did much for New Connexion Methodism in the vicinity of Leeds. His memory is revered at Hunslet Carr, and to him we owe the commencement of our church,—the church which gave us John Shaw,—in Pudsey.

John Steele, and his companions, were on the right lines, the lines of early Methodism, in visiting Pudsey,

and other places, to declare the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The people responded to the invitation given them by the tract distributors, and assembled near the Traveller's Rest Inn, at Fartown, to listen to the stranger. They were interested in his discourse, and invited him to come again. A room was obtained for preaching services in the neighbourhood of the Inn, and afterwards another and better room, known as John Young's chamber, was engaged near John Shaw's home. The Society was formed in 1819, and became a part of the Leeds Circuit.

In 1824 the Sunday school was established in John Young's chamber. From this time John Shaw's face became very familiar at all religious meetings held in this humble place. At the Sunday school he was a regular attendant, and, in his thirst for Scriptural knowledge, sought the company of a much younger lad than himself, but who had had the advantages of a day-school education, that he might profit by conversations with him. But it was not the Sunday school merely that John attended. Preaching services, class meetings, prayer meetings, lovefeasts, any manner whatsoever of religious gatherings were sure to secure John's attendance. He had an absorbing passion for the company of God's people. He had formed the habit of prayer when a mere child, and, as he grew older, it became his 'vital breath,' his 'native air.' He lived in the atmosphere of devotion. His whole being was drawn out God-ward. The Master had called him; with gladness he had heard the divine voice; and, before the church acknowledged him as a follower of Christ, in simple, beautiful, child-like faith he had obeyed the call, and given his life to the Saviour. The genuineness of his affection for Christ,—an affection all-controlling,—could not be gainsaid; and the Church received him into fellowship in his fifteenth year.

Chapter III.—THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

WHEN only a youth, the love to Jesus Christ so richly dwelling in John Shaw's heart broke forth into activities, which the church was wise enough to employ in its own sphere, and for its own good. It was impossible for John to keep quiet about his inward joy. He must tell others about it, and try to persuade others to seek a like blessing for themselves. Before he gave up coal carrying, in his sixteenth or seventeenth year, he would stand on the pit bank, and utilise the time while waiting for the coals, in proclaiming Jesus as the Saviour of all, and exhorting his companions to lead a better life. At the class meeting he was always ready to give the members the benefit of his joyous experience. No waiting for John,—the words were burning his lips before his turn came round. The quarterly lovefeasts were grand opportunities. He visited the lovefeasts in every part of the Leeds Circuit. No distance was too far, and no hardship too great, if his soul could only rejoice with the souls of others in the love of their common Saviour. One Saturday evening John was seized, and held for a long time, by one of the fits to which he was then subject, but, upon recovering, he expressed his determination, as previously agreed upon with several others, to attend the lovefeast at Otley the next day. He went, although it involved a walk of twelve or fourteen miles, with the physical suffering

consequent thereon in his weakly condition. His enjoyment of spiritual fellowship was keen enough to overcome almost every obstacle placed in its way.

In 1832 the Pudsey society was visited by a gracious revival. John was very active therein. One evening, as he approached the cottage where the class meeting was held, he saw, in the dark, the figure of a young man lingering about, as if waiting for an invitation to go in.

"Heigh up!" said John.

"Heigh up!" responded the figure.

"Aye, Sammy, lad," said John, recognising the voice, "is that thee; come in wi' tha. Dunnot stand aht i' t'cowd, like that." And Sammy, after a little kindly persuasion went in. That night he surrendered himself to Jesus Christ, and became, henceforth, the close friend of John Shaw. Oftentimes have these two, John Shaw and Samuel Lees, been seen, in the early morning, retiring to quiet places in the woods and fields for prayer, strengthening each other's hands in God, and seeking the outpouring of the Spirit upon the society; and, during the after part of his life, at no fireside was John oftener to be found, except his mother's, and, when he was married, his own, than at that of his long-tried and trusty friend. At the Dewsbury Conference in 1876, John Shaw was present, and in attendance at the Conference lovefeast held in the Batley chapel. The congregation was very large. John sat about the middle of the chapel. He had spoken with his usual fervour, and sat down amid a glow of holy excitement, kindled by his warm words, in the hearts of all the hearers. Immediately an old man stood up in the gallery,—an old man with white locks, and thin pale face,—and in a voice faint and tremulous began to tell of the Lord's dealings with him. When the tones of the old man's voice fell on John's ears, he leaped up, turned

about, lifted his face to the gallery, and, while that wondrous light played upon it which was always noticeable when John was in his happiest moments, cried out,

“Aye, Sammy, lad, ’es ta com’d. Glory! glory! glory!”

It was about the time of the conversion of Samuel Lees, and when the society at Pudsey was in a flourishing state, that John nearly got into trouble with one of the Circuit ministers. He was a man of stately deportment, primly correct, but there was something in his sermons that touched John’s heart; and one week evening, while he was preaching, John suddenly responded, “Ay, lad,” which rather startled the minister. After the service he inquired, with a slight touch of offended dignity, ‘who that youth was that presumed to call him *lad*?’

The Rev. George Bradshaw was the young preacher in the Circuit at this time, and was even then remarkable for his energetic, revival methods, and his impressive preaching of the doctrine of entire sanctification. One evening, after a service conducted by Mr. Bradshaw, John pleaded for the blessing of holiness, and yielded himself, in perfect consecration, to the service of the Saviour, and became unspeakably happy in enlarged possession of the Saviour’s love.

In 1834 John was appointed assistant-leader, and entered the Leaders’ Meeting in this capacity, and from this time until his death the church enjoyed the benefit of his wise counsel and guidance in all its affairs. In 1839 he was appointed leader. No more faithful man has ever had charge of a class than John Shaw. All his members were carefully attended to, regularly visited, admonished and encouraged in the most conscientious manner. Before each meeting, John prayed for his members one by one, and came to the class fresh from

the audience chamber of the Deity, ready in the spirit newly caught from communion with God to minister to the wants of those under his care.

In 1835 Pudsey became a part of the Dewsbury Circuit, and continued a part of that Circuit until 1840. The Bradford Circuit was formed in 1840, and Pudsey became the second place with the Rev. John Ramsden as minister. During the five years that Pudsey was connected with the Dewsbury Circuit, the society was very prosperous. The flowing tide was with it, and it rose rapidly until the class-books numbered 190 members. Conversions were very frequent; the spiritual life of the church was quickened; and John Shaw, fully alive to the benefits of a revival, received much blessing, and developed greater power for usefulness, by almost continual fellowship with God's people. About three years previous to this special religious awakening, John had commenced hand-loom weaving, and he was often called away from his hand-loom to advise in cases of spiritual need, and to pray with the sick and dying. He commenced holding cottage services; and, occasionally, when the preacher disappointed them on the Sunday, the people would request John to mount the pulpit, and give them a sermon. Not, however, until 1839, when John was twenty-five years old, did the Leaders' Meeting venture to suggest that his name should be placed on the plan. Possibly they were deterred by the knowledge that he was afflicted with fits, and perhaps also by his peculiar appearance.

He passed through his four quarters on trial, and was examined by the Rev. W. Trotter. His examination was not very satisfactory so far as definition of doctrines was concerned. He had read no theology. His reading had been confined to one book,—the BIBLE, and with this best of all books he was then very well acquainted.

After asking him many questions, and receiving from him the straightforward confession, "Ah doant know," Mr. Trotter said, "Will you tell the meeting what you do know?" And John readily replied, "Ay! Jesus saved me when ah first believed, He's saved me iver sin', and He saves me nah; and if there's ou't in Him for me 'at ah hev'n't gotten, He'll be sewar to give it me." Mainly on the strength of this statement, coupled with the information given concerning his power in the pulpit and his acceptance with the people, John was received as a fully-accredited local preacher.

His first appearance in a pulpit generally caused a sensation. He was rather careless about the brushing of his hair, and the set of his tie, but always perfectly cleanly. Indeed, he had the strange habit of washing himself time after time on a Sunday morning before leaving home for a preaching appointment, and, after marriage, his wife would sometimes facetiously ask of any one living with them, "Hah many times 'es John weshed hissen this mornin?" as if she could tell, by the number of ablutions, how soon he would be gone. But so careless was he about appearances that he stood before a slate, hung against the wall, on one occasion, and combed and brushed his hair without finding out that it was not a mirror. He had a round head, and strong features; his eyes were not straight; and his provincial dialect, in his younger days, was very pronounced, and where he could freely indulge in it, pronounced to the last. When he became well known, and preached in large town chapels to congregations a little more select than were to be found in the country places, he often used to say, "You know, when ah come here, ah've to trim up a bit," but when he became excited he invariably fell back into the vernacular. A lady at Woodhouse Lane Chapel, Leeds, after hearing him when he was "trimmed

up a bit," wondered in what style he preached at home.

After being received on full plan, he gradually became known over a wide area. He preached frequently in Leeds, Dewsbury, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and the surrounding districts. When he first went to Brighouse, or rather to a large room in which people met for worship on Rastrick Common during the Barkerite period, having been strongly recommended to them as a man of sterling ability, they were surprised with him. As he preceded a company on their way to worship across the Common, tired with his ten miles walk, and with that swinging, unsteady gait more peculiar of him in those days before his liability to fits had passed away than when he grew older, an aged woman asked,

"Who's yon?"

"John Shaw," was the reply, "t'preycher thro' Pudsah."

"Well!" exclaimed the old woman, in tones of astonishment, "who iver will they send us t'next!"

But they were glad to receive John Shaw again and again, and as many times as he would come. He preached to them from the words, "Unto them that believe He is precious." The service was a remarkable one. I heard a member of the congregation speak of it, forty-seven years after, with tears in his eyes. He had a thankful recollection of the gracious influence of the sermon upon his own heart, and upon the hearts of all the people.

John's first visit to Batley was in the company of another local preacher, a young man from Pudsey, long since passed away to his reward. John conducted the morning service, but his companion preached the sermon from the text, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." John's odd appear-

ance, and his method of conducting the service, roused the interest of the people and secured for him a larger congregation in the evening than he might otherwise have had. He took for his text, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." His quaint and forcible presentation of the truth quite suited the people, and ever afterwards John Shaw was always warmly and lovingly welcomed in Batley.

His manner of conducting a service was simplicity itself. He always read out his hymns in the homeliest manner. In prayer he was profoundly reverent, and yet touchingly familiar, talking with God like a man talks with his friend. No one could hear John Shaw pray without feeling that to John Shaw, if to no one else, God was verily present. When he first preached at Marsh, near Huddersfield, he commenced the opening prayer with these words,—

"Lord, ah've niver been here before. This is t'first time, Lord, and ah dunnot want leävin' be mysen. Tha mun stand beside me, and help me." And in this familiar, and yet reverent, way he pleaded for the presence of the Master, and the congregation felt at once that they had assembled to hear a message from the lips of a man of God.

In reading his lessons, he always commented very freely as he went along, throwing out the most pointed applications, and, sometimes, by a vivid flash of consecrated humour, uttered in telling Yorkshire phrase, lighting up the meaning of a Biblical incident in a wonderful manner. It was a treat to hear him read. His lessons were frequently of greater interest than his sermons. He would be drawn out now and again to such length in commenting on a lesson as to leave himself too little time for the sermon; and when he found himself only half way through the sermon, the large hand of the

clock rapidly approaching an upright position, and an occasional hearer glancing furtively round to ascertain the time with a thought about the preparations for dinner, John would say, "Ah'll mind t'clock, if you'll mind me. The' s'all be noa puddin' burned to-day. We'll be aht at twelve." He would then pack as much of the remaining part of the sermon as he could into the few minutes that were left, and his racy dialect, his voluble utterance, and the amazing wealth of his Scriptural allusions would perfectly astonish his audience and often provoke a smile.

The rapidity of his speech once impressed a little girl in the congregation. John was dining at the child's home, and, during dinner, she remarked, "Ma! the minister said everything, *everything* he had to say this morning, and he won't have anything to say to-night."

"Aye, doy," said John, looking at her with one of his sweetest smiles, "but we mun hev' a little bit o' summat for to-night."

John had no training for the work, except the training of continual contact with God's people, incessant reading of the Bible, and prayer. He used to say sometimes, in reference to the occupation he was following when he began to preach, "Ah went to College o' t'mule back," and very likely many of his early sermons were thought out as he sat astride the donkey on his way for coals. He would occasionally make use of a donkey on his preaching and speaking tours after he became a hand-loom weaver. He was once riding from Otley to Horsforth to attend a missionary meeting. While the donkey was slowly climbing the Chevin,—a steep hill outside Otley,—John heard footsteps behind him, and, looking round, discovered the Rev. Andrew Lynn. Immediately he dismounted, and insisted upon Mr. Lynn taking

his place, saying, in reply to that gentleman's remonstrances, "A greater man nor you, Mr. Lynn, hes ridden upon an ass." During his speech, in the evening, John referred to the incident, and exclaimed with fervour, "Aye, bless you! Ah've had mony a blessin' on an ass's back. Ah've lifted up me heart, and God hes bless'd me o' t'spot."

When going to a place for the first time John was always anxious to know what the congregation would be like. He could adapt himself to the class of people he had to speak to. He felt that he must "trim up a bit" if the people were educated and refined. He walked six miles, from Pudsey to Hunslet, one Saturday evening, simply to look at a chapel in which he had to preach next day, and stood on tip-toe on the wall, holding fast to the railings, that he might peep through the window and guage, by the interior arrangements and decoration of the building, what kind of a congregation he would be likely to have to hear him on the morrow. And he trudged part of the way back fairly well satisfied with his inspection.

John was sometimes unexpectedly tried in a service, but his tact was always equal to the occasion. He told me himself of a visit he paid to Hunslet Carr in his early preaching days. He arrived very near the time for service. He entered the pulpit hurriedly, and, when the opening prayer should have been offered, he was not so thoroughly composed as he wished to be. He therefore called upon John Steele, whom he had observed in the gallery of the chapel, to pray,—a common practice in many of the smaller places of worship; but John Steele turned round, and said, "Nah, lad! tha mun pray thyssen. Hah can ta preych if tha doesn't pray?" John was ready on the instant, and began to pray as if nothing unusual had happened. In John Steele he

found a kindred spirit, and they became fast friends. By accident John Shaw would be occasionally planned at two places at the same time, (an accident not always preventable when a local preacher is taking regular work in three or four Circuits,) and be under the necessity of arranging for one of the appointments. A person came to Hunslet Carr one Sunday morning, and said "I've come to preach for John Shaw." "Ah'st think you hev'n't," replied Steele, knowing how difficult it would be for any man to act as substitute for his friend. When John Steele was an old man, and near his end, John Shaw went to see him, and said,

"Well! and hah are you?"

"T'carpenter 's takkin tabernacle dahn, John," he replied. "T'roaps are slackenin', and t'props are givin' way; but ah've a buildin' of God, John, a house not made wi' hands, eternal in the heavens."

"Glory! glory!" said John, and they rejoiced together.

The most serious drawback which John had in these early preaching days was his liability to fits. He was never safe. His long walks, the necessity of sometimes remaining away all night, the fatigue consequent upon his great exertions, made his mother very anxious. She never felt quite easy when John was away. She would not allow him to go away, if she could help it, without a companion. One of his brothers, or a friend from the chapel, or another local preacher planned at the same place or in the same direction, she was always careful to secure, that, should John be seized by a fit, there would be someone near who would know how to deal with him, and who would see him safely home. Through God's mercy, however, after he commenced preaching, and as he grew into the fulness of manhood, the fits became less frequent, until, by the time he was thirty years old, they had entirely passed away. This was a

great blessing. His general health very much improved. He became a strong man. With the removal of the only hindrance to the free prosecution and the full enjoyment of his labours, he could now go further afield, in response to pressing invitations, to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.



Chapter IV.—HOME LIFE.

WHEN John Shaw was about eighteen years old he became a hand-loom weaver, and continued at this occupation for nearly twenty years. The hand-loom, now fast disappearing, were erected in the dwellings of the people, and those who worked at them were consequently very much at home. From early manhood until he was fast approaching his fortieth year John would be almost constantly in the company of his mother. They became strongly and tenderly attached to each other. In addition to the natural affection as mother and first-born son, they found a close bond of union in their common love to the Saviour. John appears not to have thought about marriage while his mother was living. He was quite contented in the old home. But in February, 1852, his mother died. The chief link that bound him to the old home was broken. It was a severe loss and a sore trial for John; but a preparation for what was awaiting him, in the good Providence of God,—the establishment of a home of his own, and the birth of a child who became the great joy of his life.

About the time of his mother's death, a Miss Sarah Haste, of Bradford, came with her aged mother and a sister to reside at Fulneck, in order to be near her brother who had taken a tannery at Fartown. The family had removed from Fartown when Miss Haste was a little child and were simply coming home again. During her residence in Bradford Miss Haste attended Eastbrook

Wesleyan Chapel and Sunday school. She was converted in early years, and became a member of the Eastbrook Wesleyan Society. Upon removing to Fulneck, there was no Wesleyan Chapel conveniently near, and she began to attend that of the Methodist New Connexion. One of the members invited her to John Shaw's class. She went, and thought the class-leader was a very strange man; but the class-leader regarded her with considerable interest, and, at last, with marked affection. He sought her company; his affection ripened upon closer acquaintance; and a courtship commenced, which, after two years, happily terminated in marriage.

The courtship must have been a prosaic one, for John was turned forty years, and his bride thirty-five, at the time of their marriage. It began in a class meeting, and was pervaded with religious sentiment all the way through. Probably very little gushing affection was manifested on either side, but they perfectly understood each other, and had no need to say all that was in their hearts. One summer's evening, having gone for a ramble in Sister's Wood, they sat down together on the trunk of a tree blown down in a recent storm. John, rather abruptly, but with perfect soberness, announced his intention to be married, by saying, "If ah live till t'elevent' o' October ah sa'll be wed that day."

It was scarcely a consultation as to a convenient time with the woman of his choice who sat beside him, and she was somewhat taken aback by the confident declaration. She replied, "Well, but supposin' ah'm not ready?"

"Haw, tha'll be ready, reight enough," John answered, and so she was, for on October 11th, 1854, they were married by the Rev. George Hallatt in the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, Bradford. A dinner

was provided for the wedding party by the Superintendent of Eastbrook Wesleyan Sunday school, one of the bride's old friends, and the event passed off very pleasantly to all concerned.

Now, that they were married, the question of regular income had to be seriously considered. John's handloom weaving was not to be entirely relied upon for a living, and, therefore, his wife helped by washing, and in other ways, to increase the weekly wages. They lived in a house at Fulneck for twelve months, and three young men lodged with them. Friends in Bradford, however, subscribed sufficient to start them in business as village shopkeepers; they opened a shop in Fartown, and continued the business for ten years; John left his handloom weaving, and, in connection with the shopkeeping, began to travel with tea, opening up rounds in Leeds, Otley, Bradford, Wakefield, Batley, and other places, working these rounds systematically from week to week. One serious disadvantage in the conducting of his business was his inability to write. He was dependent on others for this work, and for a long time it was kindly and efficiently rendered by Mr. James Pogson.

There were many who trespassed on John's sympathetic disposition. He was a man of tender feeling. He liked to think the best of everyone, and he was very much averse to punish even when punishment was deserved and sometimes necessary. His neighbours knew this. Many of them got into his debt, and some of them never tried to get out. John was sometimes asked to make an example of the most flagrant offenders by putting them into Court, but he would say, "Ah'd rather loise t'brass nor mak' 'em ony bother."

In 1866 John was enabled to leave business, and to devote his whole time to religious work. His wife's brother, Mr. Haste, a man in comfortable circumstances,

cherished a great esteem for John, because of his genuine Christian character, and readiness to help in every good work. He had often proved a true friend to his brother-in-law, and, in 1866, generously freed him from the necessity of earning his bread by the precarious method of shopkeeping on John's easy plan by granting him £1 per week during the remainder of his life. The simple wants of John's family were met out of this allowance, added to now and again by the little given him at the larger chapels where he was accustomed to preach, and there was generally something saved out of the small store for the poor. John had a dread of debt, and managed to live within his income. He said to his wife, when they were married, "Nah, lass, tha mun keep me aht o' debt, for if ah get into debt ah cannot preych."

Long before the time, when, through the kindness of Mr. Haste, John was released from the anxiety of business, and at liberty to give undivided attention to the preaching of the Gospel and the pastoral care of God's flock, he had become widely known throughout the Denomination to which he belonged, and for which he specially delighted to labour. His fitness for Christian service had so impressed the friends in the Hanley neighbourhood that, in 1866, they invited him to become a Home Missionary, and wished him to take particular charge of the Silverdale church. He was very much inclined to accept the invitation. Negotiations had so far favourably proceeded as to arouse in the Silverdale people the expectancy of his residence among them. Perhaps John's wish to escape the uncongenial business life, and most likely his strong desire to give himself wholly to the work of God, had much to do with his favourable consideration of the proposal. The loss to our churches in the West Riding of Yorkshire would have been very great, and to the neighbourhood of

Pudsey incalculable, and it was wise, as events afterwards proved, for John to remain among his own people. When Mr. Haste heard of the likelihood of John's removal, he was surprised and sorry that the idea of removal should have been entertained.

"Are they all converted i' Pudsey, John, 'at you think o' goin' to this new place?" he asked.

"Nay, not soä," John replied.

It was not that he had finished his work in Pudsey, or that he wanted to leave his birthplace, but a favourable opportunity for larger service had opened, and John's heart yearned to take advantage of it. But the favourable opportunity was presented at home. Mr. Haste made him the offer of £1 weekly, which John gratefully accepted, and with great joy entered into his enlarged sphere of Christian labour.

At home, and particularly after he received his 'pension,' John always assisted his wife in the household work. He rose early in the morning, lit the fire, fetched from the well the water needed for the various domestic uses of the day, made the breakfast, and, on Sundays, carried the breakfast upstairs to his wife and daughter, all the while in the spirit of devotion, humming through some sacred measure as the words of a well-known hymn passed through his memory, or lifting his heart to God in prayer. Oftentimes, when the dawn has been breaking, his wife has been roused from slumber by his voice, and beheld him on his knees in prayer; and, after prayer, by the fireside in the cottage kitchen, or, when the mornings were warm enough, seated without the door, he would betake himself to the studious reading of God's word. A woman, who had been nursing a sick neighbour, was on her way home at four o'clock one summer's morning, and saw John Shaw, seated in the sunlight outside his cottage door, with the big Bible

across his knees, and searching therein for hid treasure. With the Psalmist, he "prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried, I hoped in Thy word." No wonder that the word was precious to John Shaw, and, in his public and private ministrations, so often and graciously upon his lips. It was seldom out of his hands, and it was always in his heart.

Sunday was a full day for John Shaw. He never thought, like many people think, that, because it was *Sunday*, he could lie in bed longer than usual. He regarded it as a day consecrated to the Lord, a day of devotional service to which the Lord was specially entitled; and, to sleep away most of the morning, and spend the rest in aimless rambles, like many people do, John considered to be robbing God of his due. No! on Sunday mornings John was up earlier than usual. He could appropriately say, "My voice shall Thou hear in the morning, O Lord. I will be glad and rejoice in Thee." And with gladness of heart, and rejoicing in the Lord, he would spend the whole day.

When John became known, visitors would often drop in, sometimes unexpectedly, at his home in Fartown or Fulneck, and would always meet with a hearty welcome. There was a pleasing attraction about the quaint and devout ways of the household, and very few visitors went away without the feeling that the residents in this simple home were under the shadow of the Almighty. The presence of God was there. Mr. John Taylor, of Batley, accompanied by one of his daughters, and a gentleman from London, came one day, and remained to dinner. As his custom was, John attended to the wants of his guests, laid the table cloth, brought on the viands, changed the plates, &c., until, at last, in some little astonishment, the gentleman asked, "How did you manage, Mrs. Shaw, to obtain a husband like this?"

"Ah'd noa trouble," she replied. "It was all ordered by the Lord."

She was firmly convinced that she was sent to Pudsey for this very purpose, and the conviction was as firmly shared by her husband. Whether the marriages arranged in Heaven are many or few, John and his wife both believed that theirs was of the happy number.

The great event in John Shaw's domestic life was the birth of his daughter. He had been married ten years. It was not until 1864 that his little "bairn" came with her gentle touch to unseal a deeper fountain of tenderness than had yet been reached in John's nature. Joy, such as he had never before experienced, sprung up within him, and ran, like a freshly-found stream, through his life, enriching it with spiritual flowers and fruits which had never bloomed and ripened there before. God's fatherhood was more fully revealed to him through his own paternal love. His Bible was radiant with a new light, his preaching permeated with a tenderer sympathy. Children were always attractive to him, and he delighted to speak to them in the Sunday school, and during divine service; but when he had a child of his own, the attraction increased, the delight became deeper; and one of his most effective sermons, preached towards the close of his life, was a sermon to the children, from the text, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." (Zech. viii. 5.) Oftentimes in his public prayers, he would remember his little daughter, and to the amazement of his congregation, he would fervently burst forth, "Lord, bless ahr Mary Ann." Wherever John Shaw went during the last fifteen years of his life, Mary Ann's name became familiar to the congregation.

A few weeks after Mary Ann was born, the local preachers' meeting was held at Pudsey, and John said

to his wife, "Sarah! ah sud like to ax t'local preychers to t'teä."

"Varry well, John," his wife replied, and to tea the local preachers came. During the gathering, which was held in honour of his daughter's birth, John's heart was filled with joyous gratitude at the goodness of God in granting the blessing of a little child to them, and he was drawn out to express the gratitude in some substantial way. He said, in the presence of his brethren, that, as a thank-offering, he would give one halfpenny every day toward the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. The money was paid from the day of the child's birth, and has been paid ever since; and John frequently said to his wife and daughter, "Whativer happens to me dunnot forget t'thankofferin'! Keep on payin' it, whether ah'm here or not. Hahiver poor you are, let t'haup'ny be paid,—pay it, until you 'r' really i' t'want o' bread." He regarded it as a sacred vow, to which his brethren were witnesses, and he could not think of breaking it himself, or bear the thought that it would be broken after he was taken away.

He was so little used to the presence of children, having turned his fiftieth year before a child came into his own home, and his heart was so tenderly susceptible to anything like sorrow or pain even in infants, that when the babe began to cry he could not easily bear it, and would often go quietly outdoors beyond the reach of his daughter's voice. He would doubtless be rather old-fashioned in his methods of dealing with the child as she expanded into girlhood, but the methods were good, kind, loving, and his duty as a father was conscientiously discharged. He taught her to read from the Book in which he himself delighted, and when she could take the alternate verses with him, his pleasure knew no bounds. The reading lessons, in the father's lips, were lessons in

religion, and—an invaluable blessing to any child—the living Christ, the Christ of the Gospels, thereby became tenderly associated with all her earliest memories. He devised liberal things for her. He was anxious that she should be well educated. She was sent to the Moravian day school at Fulneck, very near her home, and afterwards became a school teacher first at Pudsey, then at Laisterdyke. When she was at Pudsey, during the early evenings in winter, he always walked across the fields to meet her, and accompany her home; and when she was at Laisterdyke, and had to leave home by train at seven o'clock in the morning, he always had breakfast ready for her, and saw her safely away. He was not unmindful of the refinements which open a girl's horizon, and greatly increase her possibilities of happiness. He bought a second-hand pianoforte, a slenderly-built, antique-looking instrument, more like an old harpsichord than a modern pianoforte, that she might learn music. In every way he was mindful of his daughter's welfare, and did his utmost to fit her for a pleasant and useful life.

John was occasionally invited to take his wife and daughter with him when visiting a distant place for several days. On one occasion, when Mary Ann was at that uncertain age when a railway ticket may, or may not, be required, according to the generosity or otherwise of the railway servants, the three were about starting for Sheffield. They were seated in the train, and calmly waiting for its departure, when "All tickets ready" rang along the platform. The examiner came, looked at the child, and said, "You'll have to leave this child behind if you have taken no ticket for her."

"Leave her," said John, "leave her; ah'll tak' two afore leave her."

His affection for Mary Ann was very great, and his remembrances of her unfailing. Never in his private

devotions, and never at family prayer, did he forget Mary Ann. Very few children have been so surrounded, and borne up, and carried along by the prayers of a father as Mary Ann Shaw. Upon leaving home, for his preaching appointments, his last words generally were, "Tak' care o' t'lass," and his first thoughts were for her upon his return. She was a child from the Lord, for the Lord he trained her, and to the Lord consecrated her life.

Several times the writer of this memoir visited John Shaw at the little cottage in Fulneck; in 1874, twice; in 1876, to say 'Good-bye,' and solicit his prayers on my behalf upon entering the ministry; and in 1878, the year before his death. He had received the Minutes of Conference on the morning of my visit in 1876, and, when I arrived at the door, was reading aloud to his wife and daughter the memoir of the Rev. Henry Marsden. I could hear his full, rich voice, which quite drowned the noise of my fingers upon the panel of the door, reading, "Mr. Marsden was devotedly attached to the Connexion. It was the church of his choice, and his love for it amounted to a passion,"—words which found an echo in John's heart, and caused him to pause for comment. In the pause my knock was heard, I was welcomed within, and sat down to listen to the conclusion of the memoir. They had not long dined, and, according to custom, John opened the Bible and read therefrom, and we all knelt down for prayer. With the fervour which never failed him, and an exquisite choice of words, all the more impressive because of a word now and again dropped in from the vernacular, he led our devotions, lifting our spirits heavenwards and bringing heaven down into our souls, until we were lost in the solemnities of worship, and the little room seemed filled with the Divine presence.

Never shall I forget his pathetic pleadings for me. That prayer is one of the precious memories of my life.

The cottage was situated immediately without the western entrance gate to the Moravian settlement at Fulneck. From the road a large stone slab stretched across to the front door, partly covering a small courtyard below the road, into which the kitchen, at the basement of the cottage, opened. This courtyard was approached from the outside down a flight of stone stairs. Windows looked into the road, and, on the other side, across the valley. The ground sloped rapidly below the cottage, and the windows, looking across the valley, commanded a fine view,—the same view obtained from the beautiful terrace walk in front of the long line of buildings that form the chief architectural feature of the Moravian village. Here Count Zinzendorf stood, and surveyed the prospect, and fixed upon the place as most suitable for the settlement of the Brethren. The opposite slope is well wooded. In the park lands to the right rises the old family mansion of the Tempests. Between the wood and the grounds of Tong Hall runs the narrow lane up which John Shaw toiled to all his appointments in the direction of Adwalton, Batley, and Dewsbury, and down which he joyfully returned home. The whole length of this lane is visible from the cottage windows, and the eyes of wife and daughter have often watched him away, until his figure was lost to sight among the trees on the top of the hill, and lovingly looked out for his re-appearance when the time came for his return. John was very fond of home. No matter how well-housed he might be elsewhere, no matter how luxurious the surroundings, no matter how liberal and rich the fare,—and he was very frequently entertained by well-to-do people,—there was no place to John Shaw like that little, low cottage at Fulneck. The interior

was homely, old-fashioned, very clean. There was nothing particularly attractive about it to a stranger, but John's face was like a beam of sunshine up and down the place, lighting it up, and investing it with sweetness and joy.

To this cottage many ministers came. Dr. Cooke spent a pleasant day here on one occasion, coming over from Bradford, where he was then staying, specially to express his esteem and honour for John Shaw. Moravian ministers dropped in, who had known John in their younger days, when studying at Fulneck, and had learned to love him. Now and again students ready to depart to distant spheres of labour, in connection with the far-famed and most worthy Missionary Society of the Moravian Church, would call to bid farewell, and kneel with John in prayer. A sacred place to many, a place consecrated by holy memories is that little place at Fulneck where John spent his later years. The secret of God was there,—the ark of the covenant, in as true a sense, though not visible to the outward eye, as it was in the house of Obed-edom; and as "God blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that he had," so He blessed the house of John Shaw.



Chapter V.—AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE.

WHILE catholic in spirit, and in labours too, John Shaw was thoroughly loyal to his own Denomination. He was devotedly attached to the Methodist New Connexion. He was conversant with the main facts in her history ; he had an intelligent understanding and appreciation of her institutions ; he thought very highly of her ministry. Very few men knew more about the ministers of the Connexion ; where they hailed from ; whether or not they were College men ; how they had passed through their probation ; what Circuit they had been in, the length of their stay, and the work they had done ; everything indeed that determined their Connexional position and influence. He read all available Connexional literature. He was familiar with the rules ; and, being a prudent man, and of sound judgment, he was of great value in all the Denominational courts, from the Leaders' Meeting to the Conference.

He had a peculiar attachment to his own Church at Fartown. His grandfather and mother were both members here, and, from a child, he received here religious instruction and nurture. He grew up to manhood, and spent his whole life among the people connected with this Church, giving himself to its service with unstinted devotion in many and varied ways. For many years he had two classes, and he visited not only the members of these two classes but of the whole Society. The sick and the poor found in him a special friend. He was

always present at the Leaders' Meeting, to guide the affairs of the Church by his wise counsel, and was selected almost invariably to represent the Church at the Quarterly Circuit Meetings. The present active and healthy condition of our Church at Pudsey is owing greatly to the careful oversight and unwearied labours of John Shaw.

For Pudsey, as well as for many other Churches, the year 1841 was a very trying time. At the Halifax Conference this year Joseph Barker and William Trotter were discontinued from the ministry. Joseph Barker was at Gateshead, and William Trotter at Bradford. The discontinuance of these two men was a fearful wrench to our Churches in the neighbourhood of Bradford, not so much because of sympathy with the views of Mr. Barker, as on account of the popularity of Mr. Trotter; and the Pudsey Church completely severed itself from the Denomination. For two years the Church was torn by dissension on doctrinal questions and various theories of ecclesiastical government, and John Shaw, though then young, was appealed to by one side and another, and, in the midst of the hubbub, hardly knew what to say or do. He kept his head, however, because he had implicitly committed his heart to the keeping of the Saviour. He was true to Christ, and that lifted him above the tumult, and, like a wise man, led him to regard all these other matters as secondary. The severed Church split itself into three parts, the followers of Barker, the sympathizers with Trotter, and the friends of the Methodist New Connexion. John Shaw belonged to the last of these three sections, which was the weakest numerically, but in the fortunate possession of about six earnest Christian men. These men led the 'forlorn hope' of the Denomination in Pudsey at that time, held well together amid many and great

discouragements, and at last joyfully beheld the shattered Church regain its former position and become even more useful than it was before.

During this troubled period, John visited an old friend at Brighthouse who had been carried away by the Barker and Trotter dissension. He said to him,

“ Well, Wood, what are ta bahn to do ? ”

“ Ah’m bahn back,” Wood replied.

“ So am ah,” said John, “ when will ta goã back ? ”

“ T’next Sunday,” answered his friend; and they agreed to meet again during the following week to compare notes.

“ Well, hah did ta go on ? ” asked John.

“ First rate,” replied Wood, “ they were all glad to see me.”

“ Glory ! ” shouted John, “ no more Barkin’ an’ Trottin’ for me.”

It was hard, uphill work at Pudsey for many years. Members were added very slowly. But these faithful men toiled on. John Shaw met his class regularly; visited all the members, and many who were not members, (for his pastoral work was never confined to his own Denomination, but always ungrudgingly given to all alike;) and, when the preacher failed to keep his appointment, was ever ready to step into the pulpit and give the people the benefit of his careful reading and study of God’s word. And God blessed his work in unexpected ways.

There was a debt on the chapel of about £300, and another £300 debt on the grave-yard. After awhile a demand was made for the principal, as well as the interest, of the debt on the grave-yard, but the resources of the Society were so slender, and its condition so low, that the members knew not where to turn, or how to do, to obtain the money. During his visiting, John had met with an old man who had succeeded well in business,

and made for himself a fair fortune. He lived in a very humble way. Concern about his spiritual welfare had led him to consult John Shaw, and, from John's visits, he had obtained much good, and consequently conceived for him a warm affection. He knew of John's work among the poor, and frequently furnished him with money to supply their temporal needs. To this old man,—Mr. Denison by name,—John opened his mind in regard to the financial difficulty in which the feeble Church was placed, and to John's surprise and delight, Mr. Denison freely gave him the required £300 and cleared away the debt from the grave-yard altogether. It would be worth the money to see the light spring into John's face, and to hear him shout "Hallelujah!"

The affairs of the Pudsey Society were like the proverbial course of true love,—they did not run smoothly. There were some who would not work well. If they were in the shafts they jibbed, and if they were in the traces they kicked over them, and it was as much as the Church could do to move forward without mishap. A few sterling souls, however, were quite reliable, and a stay even to the leaders. After one particularly cantankerous meeting, John called to see a worthy woman, a member of Society, and relieved his surprised and rather weary mind, by saying, "Well! ah'm reight fair capt."

"Are you!" said she. "Ah'm capt wi' nowt; but ah am capt 'at yo'r capt."

She evidently thought that John's knowledge of human nature should have saved him from astonishment at whatever perverse course certain people might pursue. She had full confidence in John. He was the sheet-anchor of the Society, and she was surprised that he should shew the slightest movement, even to the extent of being *capt*, beneath the strain of disaffection manifested by others.

By 1852, the little community had so far recovered as to venture to build the present school premises at the lower end of the graveyard, and the whole amount was raised for the purpose except £50. John took an active part in this commendable extension. Hitherto the school had been conducted in the upper room,—the chamber,—of a private house, and it was a long step from such inconvenient quarters to the plain old-fashioned brick building which the school now occupies.

Slowly the society advanced until the appointment of the Rev. Thomas Guttridge to the superintendency of the Bradford circuit. A gracious revival broke out under his ministry, and widened and deepened until, in his third year, the year 1864-5, the whole neighbourhood was moved, and many souls were added to the society. The work continued, with scarcely any intermission, for four years after Mr. Guttridge left the circuit. The membership was doubled. New classes were formed, the most important of which was a class held at Waterloo in the house of Mary Turner. John took charge of this new class, and it became very prosperous, and visibly influenced the whole society. Mary Turner was a warm-hearted soul, full of fervour, and happy in her experiences. Through the means of the class held in her house, her husband, and several of her children were converted, and the stirring meetings were a great stimulus to John in his religious work.

Towards the close of his ministry, Mr. Guttridge said to John, "Now, John, if you will find room and fire, I will provide tea for those who have given their hearts to God during the revival, and we will have a thanksgiving meeting."

A proposal like this met with John's ready consent. The recently converted people were gathered together. They were a motley company,—all sorts, and all ages,

many of them meanly clad and roughly spoken, but all of them rejoicing in the new-found blessing of pardon through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. After tea, a testimony meeting was held, and the people were encouraged to relate how they were brought to see their sinful condition, and what it was that led them to trust in the Saviour. The experiences were as varied as the people, and mostly given in the telling, homely vernacular of the West Riding, which is one of the most forcible and expressive dialects in England; and as the stories were told one by one, John became unspeakably happy, and shouted "Glory" again and again. They joined together in singing as a parting hymn,

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair."

John became lost to all about him. He was lifted out of himself. His face shone with the rapturous joy of his spirit. When everyone else had finished, John could not finish, but oblivious to the fact that he was singing a solo, he went on,

"But what will it be to be there."

It was a very memorable meeting,—a foretaste of the joys of the better land.

After this revival the people began to feel the inadequacy of their chapel accommodation, and to earnestly desire a new house of the Lord. Almost literally the passage was fulfilled for them, "The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, 'The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell.'" They long thought about a new chapel before the thought found expression in a formulated scheme. There were difficulties in the way. A new trust body had to be formed. Methods of raising

money had to be hit upon. Promises to the amount of £200 were made among the people themselves, and friends in Bradford assured them of liberal help; but in the beginning of the year 1872, there were only £41 actually in the hands of the treasurer. This was a very small sum with which to begin the erection of a chapel that ultimately cost over £2,000; and the treasurer, Mr. John Boyes, felt diffident to enter upon so large an undertaking with so small an amount in the exchequer. He consulted with John Shaw, and they decided that John should canvass his friends in various circuits for subscriptions towards the new chapel. John's first letter brought £10. This greatly encouraged both them and all the people. With his whole heart John gave himself to the work. Out of his own scanty resources he gave ten guineas, supplementing the gift afterwards by eight guineas more, thereby practically showing his own deep interest in the scheme by his remarkable generosity. He gave much time, and travelled many miles on behalf of the new chapel, and, as a result of his unwearied labours secured over £570,—a splendid proof of the high estimation in which he was held, and his wide-spread popularity as a preacher of the Gospel.

Among other places, he visited Stapleford on his begging mission. Stapleford was then a part of the Nottingham circuit, and under the superintendency of the Rev. A. McCurdy. In visiting circuits outside his own on this errand he was not quite easy. He almost felt like a trespasser. He was afraid lest the superintendents should regard it as an infringement of their rights. He was anxious that Mr. McCurdy should not know why he had come within his borders. It so happened, however, that the superintendent was planned at Stapleford on the very night of John's visit, and, of course, John could not keep away from the service. He

had succeeded in his quest far beyond his expectations. He came into the service, late, with a beaming countenance, greatly to the surprise of Mr. McCurdy, who did not know of his presence in the village. He was asked to speak to the people. His heart was overflowing with joy, and with rare fervour and moving eloquence he addressed them on spiritual things, lifting them all up, and making them sit together with Christ in heavenly places. All who were there were able to thank God for John's visit. He blessed them with better riches than the silver and gold they had given him, and which, in the gladness of his heart, he was taking back to consecrate in loving service to the Lord.

The chapel was built in the higher part of the burial ground. It is a handsome stone structure, with an ornamental front after the Italian or Romanesque style of architecture, and will seat about 500 people. It was opened in April, 1873, by the Rev. W. Cooke, D.D. This was a very happy day for John Shaw. The desire of his heart was realised. What he had been praying and working for so long and so arduously had at last come to pass. Mount Zion, as the place was called, became very dear to him. His right hand could sooner lose its cunning, his tongue easier cleave to the roof of his mouth, than that he could forget Mount Zion. He preferred it above his chief joy. Many, very many were the prayers offered up for its peace and prosperity. He never went by without proudly looking upon it, and inwardly invoking the blessing of God upon Zion and her people.

In this place John delighted to worship. He was an appreciative listener to both 'local and itinerant,' and often spoke the word of encouragement to those who ministered in divine things. He was as absolutely free from envy as from self-conceit. He had an humble opinion of his own abilities, and a real joy in the success

of others. At the conclusion of a service by one of the local preachers from Bradford, he went up to him, shook hands, and kindly remarked, "You've said some nice things to us, Joseph."

A few words like these, oftener spoken, would put heart into many of our local preachers, and the result would be better sermons.

When a sermon was rich in spiritual thought and feeling, John would become very demonstrative, and, if the preacher were a stranger, it would not always add to his comfort. One of our younger ministers, of nervous temperament, was preaching at Pudsey, and John felt the sermon to be very good. His ejaculations became so frequent, and were at times so quaintly comical, that the young man paused, and said,

"Brother Shaw, if you don't give up, you'll upset my gravity."

"John responded, having been struck with the minister's serious, almost severe, countenance, "Aye, lad, ah did'nt know tha kept it soä near t'edge."

While listening to a really enjoyable sermon John could hardly restrain himself. He must express his holy delight in one way or another. In his younger days he would stand up while listening to the preacher, and sway his body to and fro, while giving hearty voice to his feelings. In a sedate congregation, and where he was unknown, the peculiarity was very noticeable, and often provoked a smile. John was unconscious of anything unusual and generally rapt in attentive listening to the word of God.

John formed close friendships with many ministers both in his own and other denominations. His mother's home, while she lived, and his own home, after his marriage, were the places where the superintendents of the Bradford circuit stayed during their visits to Pudsey for thirty-seven years. He had thereby an

opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with many of our best ministers and he prized their friendship very dearly. He esteemed all ministers, of every denomination, very highly, for their work's sake. He delighted in their company. It was a pleasure to him to have communion with them, and while receiving instruction from them, he contributed his share of knowledge, the knowledge gathered from incessant reading of the Bible, and quiet reflection on human nature, often so tersely put as never to be forgotten. He was always careful for the minister's welfare during the time spent in his home. Upon returning from his own preaching appointments on the days when his wife, and later on, his daughter, were entertaining the minister, he would ask, "Well! hah did Mr. So-and-So go on? Did he like his dinner? Did he enjoy his tea? Wor he comfortable?" He was anxious that the ministers should be treated with the utmost homeliness and yet with the greatest courtesy.

、 In 1847 John was appointed to represent the Bradford circuit in Conference. It was an honour, certainly, to be chosen as the lay delegate, but an honour surrounded by difficulties. The Circuit was very poor, and could not afford to pay his expenses to and from Hanley, where the Conference was to be held. Mr. Denison promised to defray his expenses. He also bought a watch for John, the first watch that John ever possessed, a kindly deed, and another proof of Mr. Denison's esteem. The Circuit was in a very depressed condition, not having recovered from the Barkerite troubles. A grant of £40 had been made from the yearly collection in the year previous, which had been more than exhausted, and another £10 granted "towards extraordinary deficiency." The superintendent had been ill for some time during the year. John was instructed by the

Quarterly Meeting of the Circuit to ask for a large grant, and to secure two good ministers. His task was not an easy one. But he bravely set himself about it, and did both himself and his circuit credit by the way he conducted himself during the whole Conference.

When he arrived at Hanley his host was very much disappointed at his appearance. He looked so peculiar that his host saw the superintendent of the circuit, and requested that he should be exchanged for some other guest, but the superintendent, the Rev. P. J. Wright, said, "Wait a while, and you will find that your guest is the most popular man in the Conference." The Conference lovefeast was held on the first Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. The spacious chapel was crowded. At least 3,000 people were present. When John began to speak the congregation was filled with wonder. Some leaned forward, others stood up, the better to hear his fervid utterances, strongly marked by his Yorkshire provincialism. One who was there, says, "He waxed hotter and hotter. His style was remarkably quaint and rugged, and his rich experience, his joy in God, his warmth of soul, his earnest enthusiasm thrilled the congregation time after time like the succeeding electric current from a galvanic battery. The effect could not have been greater. Shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!" rang through the chapel; tears streamed down the faces of the people; and when he sat down, the congregation inquired one of another, "Who is he?" "Where does he come from?" He was considered a splendid specimen of true Yorkshire Methodism."

After the lovefeast, the people became anxious to hear him preach. Arrangements were made for him to take the Friday morning's service. One of our prominent laymen was a boy at school near Hanley at this time, and remembers the announcement being made, "A

weaver from Pudsey will take the service next Friday morning." A report of the Conference appeared in the *Staffordshire Mercury*, which contained the following sentence, "On Friday morning, at five o'clock, Mr. John Shaw, delegate from the Bradford circuit, preached an exceedingly animated sermon on 'the conversion of sinners' to a large audience." There were over 1,500 people present at the service at that early hour, and John quite maintained the reputation won by his address the previous Sunday.

John took one or more out-door services during this Conference. He also preached at some country place, where a temporary pulpit was erected; and an old woman, to escape the crowded benches, and hear him more comfortably, sat right under the reading desk. John took for his text, "Behold, I come quickly." The temporary pulpit was not securely constructed, and beneath John's earnest delivery, gave way, much to the old woman's surprise, though fortunately, not to her hurt; and looking at John, she said, "I didn't think you would come, for all you said so."

The Rev. George Bradshaw heard of the incident, and began to twit John about it next day, when John said, "Nah, nah, Mester Bradshaw, dunnot mak' gam."

One of the striking features about John was, that notwithstanding all his oddities of speech and gesture, he was very serious, and never smiled himself at the effect of his own manner. He seemed to be mostly oblivious to the comical aspect of everything he said and did, and treated religious themes, even when his language was rude and uncouth, with solemnity and reverence. While praying in a week-night service at Bradford for the gift of the Spirit, he asked the Lord to send the Spirit "slap dahn fro' throän," exciting the risibilities of his audience, and yet altogether serious himself.

John obtained the appointment of the Rev. Lot Saxton as superintendent, and the Rev. William Wilshaw as second minister, and returned home well pleased with his visit to Hanley, and much better known to the Connexion at large. This was Mr. Wilshaw's first appointment, and he and John Shaw became fast friends. They understood each other well, and were always very happy in each other's company.

Several years previous to John's appointment as delegate to the Hanley Conference he had become well known to the churches in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was taking regular preaching work in the Leeds, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, and Dewsbury circuits. He was already in demand, over this area, for special services. After the Hanley Conference his fame spread far and wide. He was very soon invited to Hanley again, where, for a fortnight, he preached with very gracious spiritual results. Invitations came from Ripon; Epworth in Lincolnshire, the birth-place of Wesley and Kilham, and other villages in the adjacent neighbourhood; various parts of the old Nottingham Circuit; Sheffield, Hull, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bolton in Lancashire, Burslem, and even from London, all of which were accepted. Of his visit to London very little is known. He held special services at one of our Chapels there, but possibly the dialect so racy in Yorkshire, and spoken with marked effect in the other northern counties and the Midlands, would be a hindrance to any good work in London in his earlier days. His popularity and usefulness were assured in places where he was understood, and through his faithful preaching of the Gospel many were brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

When the Wakefield mission was commenced, the Leeds Circuit engaged him to visit there one week in every

month, and to preach several times during the quarter. He was also engaged by the same Circuit for some time as Home Missionary with special charge of Ventnor Street Society. He regularly visited the houses of the people in the neighbourhood of Ventnor Street, and was painfully impressed with the squalor and wretchedness mainly occasioned by drink. John was a firm teetotalter, and the direct contact into which he was brought with the ravages of drunkenness, and the clear evidence that he had that drunkenness was linked with, and the most fertile cause of, nearly every other crime, greatly strengthened him in his Temperance principles, and furnished him with effective illustrations when speaking afterwards on the Temperance question. He had to meet with the usual opposition in his missionary work. One woman openly charged him with selfish motives. She said, "Yaw wo'dn't do this if yaw worn't paid for it."

"Wha," John replied, "doesnt yawr husband get his week's wage when he's done his week's wark? An' hev'n't ah as much reight ta mine as he hes to his?"

The Bradford Circuit again selected John Shaw as its lay representative to Conference in 1852. The Conference was held in Huddersfield. He would probably stay with his friend the Rev. B. Earnshaw. Accommodation for the Conference was not so easily obtained then as now, notwithstanding the very much smaller numbers, and John and his superintendent, the Rev. John Addyman, had to share the same bed. They were very much attached to each other, and John, after the excitement of the day's sessions and services, was very talkative. Mr. Addyman was more inclined for sleep than talk, and often remonstrated with John, but to very little purpose, for, as his memory ran through the events of the day, he could not help saying, "Praise the Lord!" and reminding his somnolent brother of the

occasion of his joy. Whether the sleeper beside him responded or not mattered little to John. He was happy in the contemplation of the Lord's spiritual mercies, and praised Him to the moment of falling asleep only to begin his praises again with the light of the morning.

John's next appearance in Conference as lay delegate for the Bradford Circuit was at Liverpool in 1861. Again, in 1868, he was appointed to represent the Circuit in the Longton Conference. At this Conference John had the difficult task of securing the appointment of the Rev. C. D. Ward, D.D., as superintendent of the Circuit, against the strong opposition of the delegate from Liverpool, who was also very wishful for the appointment of Dr. Ward, but John persuaded the Stationing Committee to send him to Bradford. On Thursday morning at half-past six o'clock John conducted service. The Conference report states "about 300 people were collected together, attracted by the fame of this quaint, earnest, and intelligent local preacher, who discoursed with great freedom from the text, "And He marvelled because of their unbelief. And He went round about the villages, teaching." (*Mark* vi. 6). The concluding sermon at the Longton Conference was preached by John Shaw from the text, "The golden pot that had manna." (*Heb.* ix. 4).

Once more the Bradford Circuit honoured him with the appointment of lay delegate to Conference. The person who should have attended in this capacity found himself unable to do so, and John was elected to take his place. The Conference was held in Huddersfield. It was in the year 1879, and not long before John's death. It was evident to all who knew him that he was failing, and yet the fire burned as brightly as ever within his heart, and he had lost none of his ready, rugged

force and power to move the people in his public discourses. He stayed with Mrs. Calverley, of Marsh, and dined at Mr. Councillor Hellawell's. He took part in the discussion at the Sunday School Convention, and preached at one of the outdoor services. With close attention he followed the business of Conference from beginning to end. In the conversation on the Book Room business, Dr. Stacey pleaded that the Scholar's Magazine should be more "colloquial,"—a word with which John was not familiar. He said, "Put it another way, doctor." Turning round to face John, with a smile, and in a tone which revealed his sincere esteem for him, Dr. Stacey said, "I will, for John Shaw." And he used the word "talkation" in order to explain to John what he wished to have introduced into the Magazine.

At all these Conferences John was present at the Lovefeasts, and by the racy recital of his experiences, and the wonderful joy that beamed on his countenance and rang in his words,—a joy that was magnetic, and moved the audience at once to laughter and tears,—made a deep impression on all who were gathered together. Beside attending these Conferences, in his official capacity, as the representative of his Circuit, he always attended as a visitor the Conferences that were held in the West Riding, and never failed to speak at the Lovefeasts.

He was present at the Huddersfield Conference in 1867. The lovefeast was a memorable one. The chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity. Thomas Hannam and Abe Lockwood were also there, and of the trio Thomas Hannam spoke first, and John second, while "little Abe," unaware of their presence until he heard their voices, was filled with excitement, and longing for his turn to come. He was in the gallery, and the other two were

below. He moved to the edge of the gallery the better to see and hear them, and cried out, before John had finished, "If tha doesn't be sharp, ah s'all brust."

When his turn came he began by saying, "Ah've been thinkin' 'at if there wor as many pipes i' me as there are i' that organ, they sud all sahnd a noät for Jesus."

At the same Conference John renewed his fellowship with the Rev. Thomas Guttridge, by attending the early morning service at which Mr. Guttridge was appointed to preach. Not only was the memory of the revival under his ministry fresh in John's mind, but the revival was still going on, and John went to the service full of gladsome anticipation. Mr. Guttridge preached from the text, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (*Psalm cxxvi.* 5, 6). During the sermon John became ecstatic. His cup ran over. He shouted the praises of the Lord so freely that the service seemed as much in his hands as in Mr. Guttridge's. The joy was "smitlin'," as John would say, contagious, communicated to all the congregation; and, mainly through John's religious enthusiasm, it became one of the memorable services at that Conference.

During conversation at the Conferences, between the sessions or in the evenings, John would sometimes be asked trying questions, but he was always equal to them. Once the conversation turned upon the rapid advancement of the times, the increase of knowledge, the establishment of schools for technical education, the discoveries of science, the application of steam power to improved mechanism in all branches of industry, the wonders of electricity as a lighting agent and means of communication and motive force in

various ways, to which John listened quietly, but in which he took no part. The influence of this advancement upon the pulpit was referred to, and the difficulty pointed out of keeping abreast of the times.

"How do *you* manage it, John?" asked one.

"Manage what?"

"To keep abreast of the times."

"Ah try to keep thick wi' Jesus," said John, "an' ah let times tak' care o' theirsens."

When the Conference was held at Leeds in 1850, John went to hear Dr. Stacey. He had not heard him before. It was remarked by several in the congregation that John was very quiet. He uttered no audible response, although he was listening most intently. When the service was over, one of his friends said, "John, hah is it you didn't clerk a bit."

"Ah'd plenty to do to folly t'sarmon, withaht clerkin," John replied.

Dr. Stacey was within hearing, and said that John's remark was a very great compliment. John heard Dr. Stacey again, when the Dr. preached the last time in the old Bradford Chapel, previous to the opening of the new one. On leaving the chapel, after the service, the Dr. found him in the vestibule, with two or three others, waiting to shake hands with him. As soon as he saw the Dr. "his face lighted up with a bright cheery smile, a half-comic expression upon it, made the odder, but not the less bland and interesting, by the curious cast of his eye." He said, "Nah, Dr., you've gi'en me a wrinkle or two this mornin'. Ah've preyched thro' that text mysen', but you've seen more into it nor ah did." Then, after speaking of the "wrinkles," he added, "Ah'st mak' use o' them when ah preych thro' that passage ageän."

In 1870 John was invited to conduct a series of special services at Walkley, Sheffield. One evening, two of the

students from Ranmoor College were present, and John could not allow the opportunity to go by without saying a word or two to them in his sermon. He was preaching from "Compel them to come in." Turning to the students, he said, "An' you students: ah'm soã glad to see you. Dunnot be too fond o' goin' to a hahse whear there's a brass knocker at t'door. Remember t'poor."

On the Sunday morning when these special services commenced, Mrs. Shaw, who had accompanied John on this occasion, went to Broomhill chapel. Dr. Stacey recognised her, and invited her and her husband to the College on some convenient day during the following week. They went, and their little daughter with them, in order to introduce her, in the gladsome pride of their hearts, to the Dr. and Mrs. Stacey. The Doctor was seated at a desk in his study, preparing his work, and John, approaching him, said, "Aye, Dr., ah sudn't like yawr job."

"Why, John?" asked the Doctor.

"Because it's such a varry responsible job to train young men for t'ministry. But the Lord'll help and bless you."

We may be sure, that, as John passed through the dining hall and along the corridors; as he went from study to study, and bedroom to bedroom; as he peeped into the library and saw the well-stocked shelves, and into the class-room and imagined the students assembled at their tasks; as he looked up the central staircase at the beautiful stained memorial window of the generous-hearted man who was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the College, and walked round the room in the tower from which the prospect of wooded valley, hill, and moorland is very striking,—in every part of the building his heartfelt praises would ascend in return for God's blessing to the Denomination he so much loved,

in providing such a place for the education of her ministry, and his sincere prayers would be offered that God would make the men from Ranmoor a mighty power among the churches, and burning and shining lights in the world.



Chapter VI.—WORKING FOR OTHERS.

A MAN like John Shaw cannot be claimed exclusively by one Denomination. He belongs to all. As Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester, was sometimes called the "Bishop of all Denominations," so, in the West Riding, John Shaw was the servant of all the churches. He was willing to work for all, and in one form or another, nearly all employed him, and benefited by his services. It is a blessing to the Church of God, the true Church, the Holy Catholic Church, the Church scattered through all the Denominations, that men of unique talent and deep piety are a common heritage. They become living bonds of unity between the various sections of God's people

In his pastoral work,—for John devoted himself very carefully to pastoral work in his own neighbourhood,—he never inquired to what Denomination any one belonged. The need of the people, in sickness, poverty, sorrow, or sin,—this was enough for John; and, with the message of reproof, or encouragement, or consolation upon his lips, speaking it with rare discretion, so that to many his words were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," he went about the Master's business.

He visited by list, on which were entered names of rich and poor. His visits were much appreciated by all. The Rev. William Colefax, for fifteen years Congregational minister at Pudsey, and who resided in Pudsey

twenty-five years after the termination of his ministry, acting part of that time as registrar, said one day to Mrs. Shaw, "John has not been to see me lately. I have missed his visits. Will you ask him to put me down on his list?"

He was particularly welcome in the homes of the poor. Very seldom would he go to the house of the needy without leaving a substantial blessing behind him, besides the blessing of his cheery influence and earnest prayers. Sometimes John himself would be penniless,—that is, all his money would be gone. What could he do? The poor wanted visiting, and yet he could not visit them empty-handed. Now and again, he would be pressed to go, but he would always reply, "Ah cannot goä, 'till the Lord gi's me summat to tak'." And the Lord never disappointed John. In some way or other the necessary supply would come. He very much wanted half-a-crown once for some charitable deed. His own funds were *nil*. He had been reduced to quite empty pockets. He was walking down the lane towards Pudsey pondering about the half-crown, when a man ran against him, and stopped short, saying, as he looked into his face, "Haw, John, ah owe yaw hawf-a-crahn, ah might as well pay you," and immediately put the half-crown into John's hand. It was the discharge of a debt almost forgotten by John, but the payment was very timely.

Money was often provided him by well-to-do people for distribution among the poor. And it was always distributed with tact. He knew, as by intuition, where help was needed, and the help was given in such a way that it became a double blessing. His own gentle and sensitive nature,—for beneath a rough exterior, John was both gentle and sensitive,—prompted him to render help in the right way.

A working man said to a friend of his, when he heard of John's death, "Ah s'all niver forget John Shaw. Ah remember t' time when ah wor aht o' wark, an' there were nawther bite nor sup i' t' hahse for me, an' t' wife, an' t' childer. John called to see us, an' he talked abaht good things, an' he knelt dahn an' prayed wi' us, in his awn way. Then he went, but he worn't long afore he wor back, an' he put five shillin' into t' wife's hand, an' he did it soä nicely. Hah he knew we wor badly off ah cannot say, but he knew somehah. He'd f'un' it aht, an' ah s'all niver forget him for his kindness to me at that time." This is not a solitary instance. There are many others. No question of denominational differences ever suggested itself to John in work of this kind. It was freely rendered to all alike. He never "washed his steps with butter;" he was too poor to do that; but he could take into his lips the other words of the man of Uz, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

John was held in high esteem by the Vicar of Pudsey, the Rev. H. J. Graham. The vicar regarded him as "an earnest fellow-labourer in the Church of Christ." At one time, arrangements were made for a week's special united religious meetings in the Town Hall, Pudsey, the Episcopal Church, as well as the Non-conformist Churches, joining in the movement. Ministers and laymen were appointed to speak each evening, and the vicar requested that John Shaw should be his colleague. The announcement for this evening caused a little surprise and excited unusual interest. It is not often that a clergyman and a Methodist local preacher are appointed to speak at the same meeting. The audience was very large. The vicar delivered an earnest and effective address. John followed with an address

equally effective and earnest. In the speech he mentioned Nehemiah, the cup-bearer, appearing before the Persian monarch with a sad countenance, and the monarch saying, "What ails tha', Nehemiah?" This led John to appeal to the audience, who knew him so well, to say if he, John Shaw, were not a happy man. No one could deny that. So he told them about the secret of his happiness,—what it was that filled him with joy; and he eloquently pleaded with them to seek for the secret, and obtain possession of it, that they too might have gladness of heart, and be able to sing the praises of the Lord. The address had a gracious effect upon the people, and the meeting was regarded as the most successful of the series.

One Sunday evening, while on his way from Ravens-thorpe to Dewsbury, after the conclusion of his Sabbath's toil, he heard voices proceeding from an Episcopal school building, as if in prayer. Without considering an instant to what Denomination the school belonged, he went in, and knelt with the assembled few at the throne of grace. Soon John's heart was warmed, and he responded in a fashion not prescribed in the Litany, and in the pause, produced partly by wonder, began to pray himself, and greatly increased the wonder concerning this strange man who had so suddenly come among them. John arrived at his host's late that evening, and, upon inquiries, told him how he had been detained, and his host playfully remarked, "You'll be surprised, John, if a writ comes in the morning." The attraction of voices in prayer was too much for John, notwithstanding the hard day's work which he had done, and he could not forbear entering the building, to whatever Denomination it belonged, and mingling his prayers with those of God's people.

Outside his own people, John was best known and

most beloved by the Moravians. The proximity of his dwelling to the settlement at Fulneck brought him into close and frequent intercourse with Moravian ministers and people. He often visited in Fulneck, not only at the family dwellings, but at the Sisters' and Brethren's houses, and his visits were always welcome. He many times attended the religious gatherings at the settlement, and, more frequently than any other preacher not connected with the Denomination, preached in the Fulneck pulpit. He greatly admired the consistent, devoted lives of the Moravian people, and counted it an honour to be associated with them in Christian work. Their quiet demeanour during divine service, the almost Quaker-like stillness pervading the place save for the one voice from the pulpit, which served to make the stillness more impressive, was a tax upon John. He longed to audibly respond, but to respond might seem irreverent. The Rev. James La Trobe had been preaching one day with his usual fervour, and joining him and his son on their way home, John said, "Mr. La Trobe, ah could hardly help shoutin', Glory!" Sometimes he could not help it at all, and the "Glory!" came forth, to the astonishment of many of the quiet hearers.

John was first invited to take the Moravian pulpit at Fulneck by the Rev. J. P. Libbey. One who was present on that occasion, the Rev. R. Hutton, Moravian minister, Dukinfield, writes, "His sermon was long remembered, partly from the rich evangelical message it conveyed, partly from the flashes of humour, which, with all his attempts to be very grave and proper, would shine through, and also partly from the unaffected simplicity of the testimony which he bore to his own personal experience of saving grace. After this he was often invited to occupy the Fulneck pulpit, and to the

end of his life he seemed to be almost a Moravian in heart, one with us in loving fellowship."

When Mr. Hutton commenced preaching, as a young man, he occasionally occupied Zion pulpit, and John sought conversation with him afterwards. "Whear does ta get thee theology?" John once asked. "From the New Testament," replied young Mr. Hutton. "That's reight. Stick to that, and God bless tha, lad," said John, who believed that he could have no better source.

He preached at one time in Fulneck chapel from a favourite text, "The golden pot that had manna." The Rev. B. La Trobe, now of the Moravian Missionary Society, who was present, says, "He very soon dismissed the vessel, golden though it might be, by remarking, in his quaint way, that he had 'nowt ta say abaht t' pot.' Many a polished preacher of our day might learn from our old friend, as humble and unassuming as he was clever and original, to set forth the Bread of Life itself, and to think and say little about the earthen vessels, which may for the time contain it." John was generally invited to the Bible Society Meetings, held in the Moravian Chapel, and in these meetings, because of his extensive knowledge of, and intense love for, the Bible, he was quite at home. He always spoke with power at these meetings, and on one occasion particularly, the earnest tones of his effective quotation of the nineteenth Psalm brought out its appropriateness in a way that has not yet, after many years, faded from the memory.

For eighteen years John was on terms of close friendship with the Rev. J. Atkinson, the Congregational minister at Pudsey, and of his acceptable labours in connection with this vigorous church, Mr. Atkinson tells in the tribute to his memory which I give in my last chapter.

In his later years, John paid occasional visits to Scarborough. He could never spare two Sundays from home, because of his preaching engagements, but one Sunday, every summer for several years, John spent at this attractive watering place. He became known to the Rev. R. Balgarnie, who was in the habit of conducting religious services on the sands. John himself, when he had opportunity, gathered the fisher and boatmen around him, and spoke to them about the voyage of life and the desired haven. In August, 1879, John was in Scarborough, listening to Mr. Balgarnie upon the sands, and Mr. Balgarnie asked him to pray. With great fervency and power John led the devotions of the people. His wife, and a gentleman who had already met John in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, were sitting near. After the prayer another gentleman seated himself, and said, "Can you tell me who the man is that prayed just now?"

"This lady can tell you," replied the first gentleman.

"And who is he, may I ask, ma'am?" said he, turn-
to Mrs. Shaw.

"My husband," she replied.

"Oh! And what is his name? and where is he from?"

"From Pudsey. They call him John Shaw."

"Well, he must be a very remarkable man," said the gentleman. "I never heard such a prayer in my life."

Mr. Balgarnie requested him to take the service sometimes, and preach to the people, which John was quite ready to do, much to the people's delight, who thoroughly appreciated his racy Yorkshire dialect. It was a treat to hear a man forcibly expound Scriptural truths in the homely words of the common people.

Dr. Talmage was in Scarborough at this time, engaged to lecture in the Circus on "Our New Home."

John went to hear him, and was pressed to take a seat on the platform. This he refused to do, unless his wife could accompany him. Accordingly Mrs. Shaw sat on the platform beside her husband, and, I believe, was the only lady who graced it with her presence. At the close of the lecture Mr. Balgarnie said, "Our Yorkshire friend will propose a vote of thanks," and when John stood up for the purpose, there were so many from the West Riding who knew him, and so many who had heard him on the sands, that he received quite an ovation. They gave him a hearty welcome, and listened to him with great pleasure.

The last service that John rendered, on the day of his death, was to speak at an annual tea meeting for the Congregationalists at Soothill, near Batley.

Among all sections of Methodists John was well known and quite at home. He preached for them all, especially for the societies in or near Pudsey, and no man were the people more glad to see than John Shaw.

• The *peculiar* people could tolerate John Shaw. The goodness of his heart, and the fervency of his manner, broke down all ordinary barriers. In Morley there was a Church so noted for its ultra-Calvinism that the people connected with it were locally known as "hard heads." The heads of these people were not so hard, however, as to prevent John getting at their hearts, and, by pressing invitation, he occupied their pulpit annually for many years. Probably this is the Church referred to by Mr. Atkinson that questioned John at one time on his theological sentiments, and received the characteristic answer, "As much of Christ, and as little of man, as you like."

Although John was too frequently away from home preaching to render regular assistance in the Sunday school, he was nevertheless elected president of the

school, with a seat in the teachers' meeting. This office he held for a long time. He was generally appointed to represent the school at the annual gatherings of the Yorkshire Sunday School Union, and contributed much by taking part in the discussions, and addressing the evening meetings, to the enjoyment and success of these gatherings. The Union held its annual Conference in the Congregational Chapel at Pudsey some years ago, and, at the afternoon session, John sat between the pastor of the place, the Rev. J. Atkinson, and the superintendent of the Bradford Circuit, the Rev. A. R. Pearson. The discussion turned upon the use of catechisms in the Sunday school. John stood up, playfully referred to his position between the two ministers, and the necessity of being extremely careful about what he advanced while in that position, and then pleaded with the teachers assembled to make themselves more familiar with the Word of God, and in their work to depend greatly upon that. He did not decry catechisms, but he wanted a fuller and freer use of the Bible. Before he could finish what he had to say, the time allotted to him as a speaker was exhausted, and the bell rang him off; but, as he sat down, he said, "You mun have deep wells, and plenty in 'em; and you mun have good pumps, and know hah to use 'em." His speech had a capital effect. It told upon the audience. At a gathering in Halifax some time after, when the same subject was under discussion, he had the same advice to give, but it was given in a different way.

At the Sunday School Union gatherings, special speakers were generally invited for the evening meeting. In Barnsley, the Rev. George McCree attended, and it was amusing to watch how thoroughly he enjoyed the remarkable speech given by John Shaw. Sir Charles Reed came down from London to preside at the Annual

Union meeting, in the Pudsey Town Hall. John was very happy that night. He spoke with great fervour. His sentences sparkled as they dropped from his lips and lit up his meaning most wonderfully. Sir Charles was delighted. He gave John an invitation to the big city, and said, "If you come to London, we will fill Exeter Hall for you." But John's ambition was not in that direction. He was contented to do good among his own people, and in words, the full force and beauty of which his own people could best appreciate.

John's face became so familiar at Missionary meetings in the Bradford Circuit that no meeting seemed to be complete without it. His fame as a missionary speaker spread far beyond the bounds of his own Denomination. Among Moravians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and all sections of Methodism, his services on the missionary platform were eagerly sought after. When he thought of the purpose of Christ for the salvation of the world, his face glowed with enthusiasm, and the strong feeling that swayed him, securely guarded by good sense, was sure to result in lofty and persuasive eloquence.

John Shaw was an ardent teetotaler. The Temperance Societies of the West Riding were always glad to secure his services. His homely, terse vernacular, and native wit, were very valuable in temperance meetings, among working men and women, and he could put the various pleas for temperance before them in a very forcible way. It may be mentioned here, that, under medical advice John began to smoke, when a young man, as a partial remedy for the fits to which he was then subject, and he became very fond of tobacco. He smoked heavily. When he grew older, he thought that the indulgence of this habit was not agreeable to some people with whom he had to stay when preaching at certain places. He feared their comfort was disturbed by it. And one day, at

Brighthouse, a man handed him his pipe and tobacco with a pair of tongs, not caring to touch them with his fingers. This he regarded as a reproof, and felt that, if there should be many who were so strongly opposed to the use of tobacco, smoking might be a hinderance to his usefulness in Christian work. He, resolved to give up smoking, and kept his resolution, although when the resolution was made he was turned middle life, and the habit had been freely indulged in for thirty years. It required more than ordinary strength of will to obtain this victory, and the victory would probably not have been obtained if his strength of will had not been buttressed by the grace of God.



Chapter VII.—“TALKIN’ WI’ JESUS.”

“WHEAR’S John?” a neighbour’s little girl used to ask, who was in the habit of running in and out of John Shaw’s home. She would look round the room to find him, and if he were not there, she would listen intently and then say, “I hear him. He’s talkin’ wi’ Jesus.”

John often talked with Jesus. They were familiar friends. His prayers were like conversations with the Son of Man, and liker conversations from the fact that he would frequently walk about in prayer, that is, in private prayer, telling his joys and sorrows into the ear of Jesus as he would tell them to his fellow-man. He “prayed without ceasing,” because he lived in the spirit of prayer. He was always ready for prayer no matter what the occasion might be. His wife has been awakened by his prayers in the early morning, and lulled by them at night when she has retired to rest. She has heard him pray nine times a day, and the ninth time with as much freshness as the first. With unaffected simplicity he would pray, using the words that readiest came to his lips, the words that he would have used in conversation with his fellows, but always with becoming reverence. At one Conference he sat up so late that it became early, talking on some interesting topic with a few friends. The dawn was already breaking when John knelt down for prayer, and he commenced, “T’ neet’s goän, t’ morn’s come.”

Dr. Stacey, in writing ont his subject says, "His prayers were, if I dare say so, 'talks' with God, telling or asking for the very thing that, at the moment, came spontaneously into his mind, but always in immediate relation to the occasion on which they were offered. They were always uttered with a beautiful blending of familiarity and reverence, together with, now and then, an oddness of expression that would have raised a smile, but for the devoutness of spirit that lay solemnly behind it, taking you,—such was the effect of the whole,—where he was himself, right into the very presence of God, and impelling you to pray with him."

They had a seven o'clock prayer meeting on Sunday mornings at Pudsey, and, when John was at home, he used to go round to the doors of the members, and rouse them from slumber, crying, "You mun get up. Its time for t' meetin'."

John very seldom visited a house without praying in it. When he first went to a house, he had generally something to say upon entering, as on one occasion, when entering a house in Leeds, he asked, "Does Jesus live here?" An old lady in the house, who had never seen him before, wondered at such a question, and, struck with John's peculiar appearance, was inclined to regard him as a religious fanatic. She felt a little uncomfortable at first, but John soon put her at ease by his sensible conversation and kindly ways. When offering prayer in a house he never forgot the inmates, however humble; the servants had their share as well as the family. His loving heart went out for all. Leaving a house one Monday morning, where he had been entertained from the Saturday,—a house in which for thirty years no guest had been more welcome than John Shaw,—as his custom was, he knelt down for prayer. The servants were not present, but busy with the washing.

John did not forget them. He said, "Lord, bless them 'at's weshin' t'cloäs, and may they have cleän hearts. Lord, wesh them ! Let their hearts be cleansed with the precious blood of Jesus."

In visiting sick people John sometimes found among the godless an unwillingness to hear him pray. But he always contrived, somehow or another, to offer a prayer. He generally overcame their prejudices. When he could not do that, he prayed whether they were willing to hear him or not. He meant to pray for them, and to pray with them, and pray he did whatever they might say against it. Hearing that a certain man was dangerously ill, who had led a notoriously careless life in regard to religion, John went to see him, and, after talking with him, said, with his usual directness, "Mun ah pray wi' you ?"

"No !" replied the sick man, "Ah dunnot want yo'r prayers."

"Aye, you munnot say soä," said John, "You'd better let me pray wi' you."

"Not ah," the sick man answered. "Yo'r prayers 'll do me no gooid. You can tak' yo'r hook as sooin as you like."

"Well, but ah'm bahn to pray wi' you," persisted John. "Its just what ah've come for, an' ah cannot goä withaht prayin'."

Down on his knees John went, and poured out his soul in sympathetic pleading for his sick brother. He prayed with fervour, but also with tenderness; and the hardness of the afflicted one gave way beneath it. When John rose from his knees, the sick man said, "Come ageän, John, as sooin as you can, an' pray as long as you like. It is n't hauf as bad as ah thowt it wor."

A carter was once driving down the high road towards Pudsey, and John, with a companion, was walking up

towards home. As they passed each other, the carter called out, "John, you will n't forget?"

"No!" replied John.

His companion asked him what the man meant. John told him that some years before, he had remonstrated with this man because of his wicked life, and urged him to alter his ways. The man refused to do so, but asked John to promise that he would go and pray with him if ever he heard that he was ill, or likely to die.

At Stapleford, John, in company with Mr. Dalley, once visited a man partially paralysed. The man was in great trouble, not so much on his own account, as on account of his wife, who was lying very ill, and not likely to get better. John's heart was touched. He spoke many precious and comforting words, and, at last, proposed prayer. In prayer he was drawn out to plead for the recovery of the man's wife. "Lord, restore Michael's wife," he said, and there was great faith in his words. He firmly gripped the promise, "Ask what ye will, and it shall be given you." The room seemed filled with the Divine presence. When the prayer was over, John rose and said, "Michael's wife will get better." It seemed very unlikely at the time, but she did get better, and survived her husband many years. Mr. Dalley says, "I always regard this as the most remarkable answer to prayer, in my experience."

A more remarkable answer still occurred at one time while John was visiting a house to which he had gone for many years. He had very much endeared himself to the people at the house, and he regarded them with great affection. Anything menacing their welfare was sure to cause John grave concern. He arrived on the Saturday afternoon. The gentleman of the house was absent, the lady greeted him warmly, but with a sorrowful countenance. She knew that as soon as her husband

returned John would notice that he was in trouble, and so she resolved to tell John all about it. She informed him that they were threatened with a heavy loss in business to the extent of several thousand pounds; that, so far as they knew, the loss was inevitable; that, not having thoroughly established their business, it would be a very serious matter for them, and might bring on financial disaster. John was in deep distress about it. "Whatever mun we do?" he said, but, of course, he could do nothing in the ordinary human way either to avert the disaster, or to help them to tide over the unfortunate time. And yet he could do something out of the ordinary human way, and, immediately, his resolve was quietly taken, and as quietly carried out.

When the gentleman of the house returned, John met him with sympathetic looks, and showed him that he understood the situation. They made a sad circle round the fire that evening. John retired much earlier than usual, which a little surprised his host and hostess, but he excused himself, and went off to bed. They retired too, soon after, not to sleep, but to lie awake, and think about the coming trouble. While it was yet dark a voice came to them, the voice of a man in prayer, from the bedroom across the landing; and the voice continued in prayer until the dawn broke, until the brightness of the morning appeared, until it was time to be stirring again, and attending to household duties; the voice of a man in prayer for hours and hours, pleading with God that this calamity might be averted, that this stroke might not fall upon his children. They went down stairs to breakfast, and looked at John's rugged face, calm through inward confidence, sympathetic because of his love to those at whose table he sat, appearing quietly as if he had spent the night in sleep and not in prayer. After breakfast, he read the Scrip-

tures, and they knelt for family devotion, and again he pleaded that this threatened danger might be turned away. Soon after they rose from their knees, the door bell was rung, a telegram was handed in, a telegram from Canada, with the message that the Canadian firm, which every one thought had gone to ruin, would be able to continue, and that all the money owing to Messrs. ——— would be duly paid. Here was a wonderful answer to prayer. Sorrow was immediately turned into joy. With light hearts they went to the house of God that morning. During the following week, gentlemen connected with other business houses, who were threatened with similar losses through the expected failure of the same Canadian firm, said, "How is it? Whoever thought this would happen?" John Shaw knew how it was, and so did his kindly host, but the others were not in possession of the secret. The firm held on. Messrs. ——— received their money. They were able carefully to withdraw themselves from further entangling transactions with the firm, and when the smash came, as it did come, in less than a year, they were safely beyond the reach of its ruin.

In his public prayers John would not often refer to events that were happening in the world at the time. He was generally intent upon the needs of the congregation before him. Occasionally, however, events specially striking would seize upon his attention, and betray which way his sympathies ran, as when during the Franco-German war, he abruptly said, to the amusement of the congregation, "Lord, saddle theæ French folk."

He would pray very pointedly in public sometimes. Several young men in the Pudsey chapel were conducting themselves with considerable levity during divine service. He mistook them for students from the College

at Fulneck, and, in his prayer, said, "Lord bless them leet-headed students."

These Fulneck students, coming from all parts of England, and many of them, therefore, not understanding John, would sometimes criticise him, and once, after preaching in the Moravian chapel, commented freely on his errors in grammar. John was extremely sensitive. These comments pained him very much. "To think," he said, "'at they could neglect the great salvation for a bit of a mistak' i' grammar!" When he had the opportunity, he would talk to one or two of these students, and point out to them, that, while it would be a shame for *them* to speak ungrammatically, it would be a greater shame, if, with all their privileges, they were to miss the one thing needful.

He had a habit of picking out individuals in the congregation whom he knew, and praying for them. In the old chapel at Otley he remembered Mr. and Mrs. Haldenby, who were then in business as milliners and drapers, and in his prayer said, "Lord, bless Mr. and Mrs. Haldenby, an' them young women, an' while they're makkin' bonnets an' caps, help 'em to be thinkin' abaht their souls."

At Batley, he once singled out a very old man who sat in the front pew, and a young student from Ranmoor College, who sat in the back pew. He pleaded for "owd William" so pathetically, that tears filled many eyes. He took the old man's feebleness on his heart and lifted his heart to God's throne. Then changing his tone, he said, "An' Lord, bless that lad 'at's come thro' 't schooil. He'll varry sooin go aht into t' ministry, an' he'll want Thy help an' blessin'. Mak him mighty in Thy word. Give him t' reight stuff to say. May he niver try to tell t' folks hah far t' stars are off, but let it be his whole business to see hah near he can bring

Christ." It left a deep impression upon the student's heart. And many a deep impression, resulting in blessing that never ends, must John Shaw have made, both in public and private, when he has been "talkin' wi' Jesus."



Chapter. VIII.—HIS TEXT BOOK.

THE Bible was John's text book for all subjects. Whatever branch of knowledge he thought about he always went to the Bible for information. He was a man of one book, but with that book, which is better than all others, he became thoroughly familiar. He diligently read every part of it. He readily quoted from its pages in sermons, addresses, and conversations, giving chapter and verse, startling his hearers with the fluency and appropriateness of his quotations, as if not only the whole Bible, but all its divisions, were stored up in his memory. These quotations were a marked feature in all his sermons, and added greatly to their power and charm. The Rev. W. Wilshaw aptly described him, in his funeral sermon, as "a living, speaking, walking Bible."

One of the very few books that John read was the life of "Billy Bray," the Cornish miner. He found the happy Cornish man very like himself, in many things, and greatly enjoyed the perusal of the incidents in his life. Soon after reading it, he preached in Zion Chapel, Batley, and had to announce that the Rev. F. Jewell would lecture on "Billy Bray" on some evening during the following week. The announcement was a racy one. He worded it in his own way. He spoke of his delight in reading Billy Bray's life, and pressed upon the people to go and hear the lecture. Considerable interest was aroused by the announcement, and, in glad expectation,

an expectation not disappointed, the friends gathered in large numbers to hear one Cornishman talk about another.

John was possessed of "Burkitt's Notes," which he would generally consult when preparing a sermon; but when preaching the sermon, and making use of any item of Biblical information gleaned from these "Notes," he would say, "Ah've been to *Burkitt* mak's me know this." He never made a pretence of learning. He was always contented to be plain John Shaw. His simplicity of heart would not permit him to give information culled from other men's works without acknowledging the source whence it was derived. These bits of information, however, were only secondary matters in his discourses. His unparalleled Scriptural knowledge, which enabled him to compare Scripture with Scripture, and explain Scripture by Scripture, and his sound and ready native wit which helped him in the exposition, illustration, and enforcement of Scripture,—on these, and the Holy Spirit's presence, he had primarily to rely.

When he was preaching in the old chapel at Pudsey, he had the misfortune to knock the Bible off the reading desk, and it fell upon the head of one of the singers seated beneath. John felt sorry for him. The Bible was no light weight. But he was not in the least disconcerted. He said, "Aye, lad, t' plaâce for t' Bible is inside not ahtside,—i' yo'r head, an' i' yo'r heart. What does t' Psalmist say i' t' hundred an' nineteen't' Psalm, elevant' verse, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart." And so John went on, turning an awkward incident to good account, and speaking from the fulness of his own experience.

It was his custom when reading the Scriptures in the public services to comment on them very freely. Sometimes his comments would be thrown out abruptly, and

nearly always in the vernacular, disturbing the gravity of his congregation, especially the gravity of the children. But John's gravity was never disturbed, and he did not like the people to laugh. He never tried to excite laughter. The thought was very far from his mind. When the children laughed, he would say, with great seriousness, "Hush ! hush ! hush ! you munnot laugh." But to prevent it was a difficulty. Very few could help laughing, when, reading about the healing of the man sick of the palsy, he said, on the words, "Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house," "It wor noän o' yo'r fine tudor beds, or else he wo'dnt ah been able to carry it hoäm."

Or, again, when, in reading about the supper, and coming to the words, "Compel them to come in," he said, "It doesn't meän, you mun pull 'em in bi t' hair o' t' heäd."

In reading the account of the cure of the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, and how he entered with Peter and John "into the temple, walking and leaping, and praising God," he said, "Hi, an' if ah'd been theär, ah'd a' helped him."

Sometimes, in his comments, he would make personal applications of a surprising character. In Armley chapel he came across the words, "And Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead." Immediately he threw himself back in the pulpit, and said, "Ah say, my brethren, ah think ahr friend Benjamin Wainman, theär, must ha' been readin' this passage when he called his son *Esarhaddon*, for this is abaht all t' place i' t' Bible wheär you can find that name."

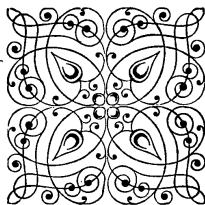
In the same chapel at Armley, he was once speaking about the labourers in the vineyard, and he said, "Aye, my brethren, if Benjamin Wainman, Joshua Briggs, Joseph Hepper, and James Wainman think the Lord

cannot do withaht 'em, they're makkin' a grand mistak'. He *can* do withaht 'em. He can carry on his work whether they 're theär to help Him or not." These four men were all sitting in the chapel at the time, and were among the most active workers in connection with the Society. It was a personal application of a kind not often heard, and, if taken in the spirit in which it was given, could not but tend to humility.

In commenting on some passages he was very happy. It was a rare treat to hear him read the nineteenth Psalm, or the thirty-fifth chapter of the prophecies by Isaiah. Like a man passing round a richly furnished room in the evening, and touching with his taper the jets of flame, until the room is revealed in all its beauty, so John would go from verse to verse, leaving behind him, touched by the taper of his own religious life, twinkling points of light, until the whole chapter was illuminated and glowing with the splendours of spiritual truth. Of course, there were some parts of God's Word that John knew better than others, and in which he specially delighted, like those above mentioned, and others in the Gospels and Epistles, but he was a careful reader of the whole Word. No part of it missed his eye. And wherever he looked into God's Word, he found the truth there, and treasured it in his heart.

The following extract from a letter by the Rev. R. Hutton will confirm this. I quote the full paragraph, because in it we have a picture of John sympathetically drawn: "I can always quite easily see John with the mind's eye, either in the pulpit, beaming with holy earnestness, or on the Temperance platform, jauntily pointing to his well-rounded 'corporation,' as he called it, in proof that teetotalism agreed with him; or more clearly still, standing at some road-side, his face turned away from me, but his odd eyes looking fully at me, as

he told me with zest of some precious discovery he had just recently made in 'the blessed Word of God.' In the very last conversation I had with him, he told me he had just been reading *Jude*. 'And,' said he, 'though there's a deäl o' rough readin' in it, ah can find t' complete Gospel there. Bless the Lord, ah can find it all ovver t' Bible." Happy John! He did not nibble at the bones of criticism, but fed on the solid meat which his well-practised spiritual discernment discovered for him at every turn. What wonder that he was such a power "among his own people," and was so largely used in turning many to righteousness! His simple life, his warm testimony, and his untiring devotion have undoubtedly entitled him to a place among the marvel's of God's grace, "which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."



Chapter IX.—SERMONS.

IN the preparation of his sermons, John Shaw never put pen to paper. He did not leave a single scrap of paper of any kind behind him. He could not write even his own name. After selecting a text, he would think about it, and divide it in the most natural manner suggested to him, and then, by sheer mental persistency, fix the divisions, and the successive thoughts in the divisions, well upon his memory. He never felt hampered by the plan thus laid down when the time came to work it out in the pulpit. He was always free to receive new ideas, and weave them into his discourses as he went along; and under a happy inspiration, the thoughts that sprang spontaneously into his mind, not previously conceived, but suggested in various ways while in the pulpit and in the midst of his work, were often the richest and most effective. He always, however, had a plan. He never preached at haphazard. The sermon was well thought out before it was delivered. He would never treat a congregation so disrespectfully as to appear before it for the purpose of preaching when he had not prepared to preach. He did his work faithfully, and he was singularly successful.

He was toiling up Tong Lane one Sunday morning, on the way to Adwalton, when Colonel Tempest, of Tong Hall, met him and said, "Good morning, Mr. Shaw. Where are you off to this morning?"

"To Adwalton, to preach the Gospel," John replied.

"Oh! and will you let me look at your sermon, Mr. Shaw."

"Ah cannot, sir," said John.

"Then have you not got a sermon?"

"Yes, but it isn't written," answered John. "Its i' me head, and i' me heart."

"That is where you keep your sermons, is it, Mr. Shaw? Good morning."

"Good mornin', an' God bless you," and the light-hearted local preacher went on his way.

The most remarkable feature about John when he was preaching the Gospel was the light upon his face. I call it a *light*, for it was something more than a happy expression. The gladness of his heart was in it, certainly, but there was something more than gladness beaming upon and through his countenance,

"Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of Heaven,
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains older than the day."

John's face was not a pleasing one, that is, there was nothing attractive in the face itself; but, oh! sometimes his face was transfigured with the glory that rested upon it, and became really beautiful. It did one good to look at it. All the harsh features vanished. The natural ruggedness was softened, toned down, in the light of the spiritual life that was so real in John Shaw.

He had several peculiarities in the pulpit, which sometimes became amusing, and now and again resulted in accident. When he was quite free, he would sway his body backwards and forwards, standing alternately upon his heels and toes. With startling suddenness he

would sometimes step back in the pulpit before commencing this swaying movement, and if anyone were in the pulpit with him, it was necessary to keep a sharp lookout. At Stapleford, once, when Mr. Dalley was in the pulpit, John stepped back upon Mr. Dalley's toes, but simply saying "Mind your toes, my brother," he went on with his discourse altogether undisturbed. The congregation tittered, but John was seriously absorbed in his subject. Upon his first visit to Epworth, where the pulpit was small, and adorned on either side by gas brackets and shades, the shades were smashed in some way by John's movements, but making some quaint remark about having no need for artificial light in Heaven, neither candle, nor gas-light, nor even the light of the sun, John went on with his sermon as if nothing had happened.

Both in reading the Scriptures, and in preaching, John would often become too full of joy to continue. At such times he would step back in the pulpit, whip off his glasses, raise himself to his full height, lift his face heavenwards, and bring the palm of his hand heavily upon his chest, say, "Glory! ah wish iverybody i' this chapel felt as ah do just nah. Aye, friends, it's grand. If you nobbut knew what it wor to love Jesus, you'd niver rest till you'd gotten his love richly shed abroad in your hearts."

If there were any old-fashioned Methodists in the chapel when John was preaching he was sure to rouse them. There was a certain elderly woman who attended Zion Chapel, Batley, by name Sally Child, one of those quaint but sterling souls with whom John had close kinship. She has left the savour of a good life behind her in the Batley society. That she had much of the same spirit within her as John Shaw, and would thoroughly appreciate his preaching, may be gathered

from one among the many peculiar sayings she would give utterance to in the Saturday night band-meeting. "When folk are converted," said Sally, "its like diggin' a new well. At first t' watter 's muddy like; gooid watter enough, but thick. But it springs an' springs, an' runs an' runs, till it runs itsen clear." No one could draw out Sally Child in the public services like John Shaw, and, in his parentheses, when John stepped back in the pulpit, and lifted his beaming face, Sally would shout across the chapel, "Glory be to God, John."

"Hallelujah, Sally," John would reply; and the congregation would not only be amused, but its deeper feelings would be stirred by the genuineness of the responses.

Dialogues of this kind were indulged in occasionally when under deep and joyous emotion, as at Otley once, where another Sally resided, who prayed, "Bless the Lord, ah know the gates are ajar for me."

"Nay," said John, "Tha mun say *us*. The gates are ajar for *me* too."

"An' for *me*, too," said Sally.

"Hi, an' *me*, too," said John, until John and Sally were so full of gladness that they both began to shout "Hallelujah."

Some of John's definitions in the pulpit were very striking, and not easily forgotten. To this day, at Stapleford, John's definition of *prosperity*, which word occurred in the text he was preaching from, is remembered and quoted. He said it meant "good of every kind, and plenty of it."

John was generally very self-possessed in the pulpit. Whatever occurred he was on his guard, and could mostly turn it to good account. Only on one occasion have I heard of John losing his balance, and that was during a sermon in Hunslet Road Chapel, Leeds. He

was preaching from the preciousness of God's word, and he took the Bible from the reading desk, and clasped it with both arms to his breast, at the same time emphasizing his love for the Word by stamping his foot heavily on the pulpit floor. The shake somehow turned on one of the gas jets, at full pressure, and a long light suddenly streamed up with a whizzing sound. John was not used to gas, and, therefore, never thought to turn the tap, and reduce the pressure; but, in his excitement, quite disconcerted, he hastily put down the Bible, and began to try to blow the light out. Of course, this was useless, and his efforts only convulsed the people with laughter, until the chapel-keeper came to his relief, and turned down the light, and John quietly re-commenced his sermon.

John seldom said anything about his sermons in private conversation. Only to his most familiar friends would he put a question or make a remark about his own efforts in the pulpit. To a gentleman at Dewsbury, with whom he was on intimate terms, he referred to his sermon after preaching one morning with the idea of obtaining his opinion on it, but apologised for the reference by saying, "You know it's nobbut a newish 'un."

When I was a local preacher, and preparing for the ministry, John paid one of his periodical visits to Batley, and preached in the morning from, "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots like Lebanon." (*Hosea* xii. 5). We dined together, and after dinner, when we were alone, John referred to the sermon, and said it was the first time he had preached it. The sermon was clearly divided, and well thought out, but not quite so full as his sermons generally were, and he had not been so free as he usually was in its delivery; and he informed me that, when preaching a sermon for the first time, he had to be careful, and keep well upon the lines he had laid down. He

told me that his sermons were really finished in the pulpit. He could see, during the delivery of them, what parts wanted restricting and what other parts wanted amplifying, and that he never considered a sermon thoroughly prepared until he had preached it five times.

His success as a preacher was not owing to his quaintness. His oddities, his humour, his dialect only contributed in a minor degree to that marvellous power by which he could always move his hearers to laughter and tears. He was a persistent and conscientious student of the Scriptures. He had mental ability of no mean order. He approved himself unto God, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." And above all, he had *unction*; the glowing enthusiasm of the Spirit; the knowledge he had gathered, and the ability he was possessed of, melted by the divine fire that burned in his heart, and poured forth at white heat upon his audience. Now and again when the joy of his subject obtained full possession of him, he would become rapturous, seraphic; and, at these times, in the beauty of his thoughts, and the eloquence of his delivery, he would almost, if not quite, touch the point of genius. Never shall I forget a sermon he preached one week night to a small congregation at Batley, from the text, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." (*Isaiah xxxv. 10.*) He was like one inspired. The congregation was completely carried away by the flood of eloquence, and impressions were made which will never wear away.

Some of John's sermons are remembered by particular expressions in them. A clergyman, who himself related the incident to several other clergymen in the hearing of the Rev. W. J. Townsend, held a cottage service in

Pudsey, and preached from the piety and translation of Enoch. When the sermon was over, the old woman who lived in the cottage said, "John Shaw once held a meetin' here, an' *he* preyched abaht Enoch. It were a deäl better sarmon nor yawrs. He tell'd us Enoch had walked wi' God soä long, till he'd gotten into t' knack on't."

At Ardsley, in the Barnsley circuit, John wished to give the people a hint about minding their own business and not meddling with the business of their neighbours, and this is how he put it. "If you folk at Ardsley 'u'd nobbut sweep yo'r awn doorst'nes what nice cleän streets you'd hev."

It is a difficult matter to convey any idea of John's method of preaching by quotations from his sermons, and, indeed, very few quotations are available. In preaching from the cure of the demoniac, and the entering of the devils into the swine, he spoke about the devils being "flade o' noäb'dy but Jesus." Then he proceeded, "You s'u'd ha' seen hah t' devils scampered off to their new lodgin's. They didn't stop on t' way. They were glad enough to get aht o' t' seet o' Jesus. An' you s'u'd ha seen hah flade t' men, an' t' women, an' t' childer wor. An' t' keepers o' t' swine were o'most as mad as if t' devils had entered into them. But what could they do? Away they went into t' city, an' when t' folk saw 'em, an' saw hah scared they looked, they said, "What's t' matter? what is there to do?" An' t' keepers said, "What is there to do? You mun weel ax that. There's a man yonder, called Jesus, 'at's sent a lot o' devils into t' pigs, an' they 've all goän splash into t' seä, devils, pigs, an' all." "Aye, dear, you dunnot say soä. Come, we mun goä back wi' you, an' see if we can find Him." After lookin' abaht for Him awhile, they saw

Him, an' came to Him, but they didn't ax Him to stay. No. They said, "Tha mun go away, Lord,—Tha mun go away; if Tha doesn't go away, we s'all n't hev' a pig left."

This is quite a local setting of the incident. The picture, however, is a vivid one, and owes its vividness (mostly to the homely freedom with which it is drawn; and John would be sure to follow up the presentation of the picture by a forcible application of the truths it contained.

He preached his last sermons at Otley, the day before his death. In the morning his text was, "Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees, three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did afore-time." (*Daniel*, vi. 10.) He said, "Doan't think 'at Daniel nobbut prayed three times a day. He prayed mony a three. But there were times to open 't windah, an' he kept that up. Bless you, a good man mun pray more nor three times a day. Ah could 'nt live o' three meäls a day. No! no! You mun lift yo'r hearts to God wheäriver you are, but donnot forget t' hev a family altar, an' dunnot forget t' prayer meetin'." In the evening he preached from, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." (*Daniel* xii. 3.) He was full of joy. There was one significant pause in the sermon, his last sermon as it proved to be. Stepping back in the pulpit, in his accustomed manner, with his arms aloft, and his face shining already as if in anticipation of the brightness of the firmament, he exclaimed, "Aye, ah am happy. If Jesus were to come just nah, it 'u'd be all reight." Very soon Jesus did come, and quickly

through the veil John passed with Him into the inner and the brighter land.

It is hard to believe that John Shaw could ever suffer from lack of freedom in the pulpit. And yet he must have felt sometimes that the sermon did not go very well. In Nottingham once he "ram'led abaht," as he himself expressed it, when speaking of the sermon to a friend afterwards. He thought it was a complete failure; but the next time he visited Nottingham, he conducted a lovefeast in the same chapel, and his surprise was almost as great as his enjoyment, to hear a woman say that while listening to that very sermon she had trusted in God, and realised the forgiveness of her sins.

John was often in request for special services. Very many were converted under his ministry in the Methodist churches of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in other places further afield, God owned his labours by the ingathering of many souls. So early as 1849 he preached in Parliament Street Chapel, Nottingham, on behalf of the church at Hyson Green, and he was styled in the announcement as "The Yorkshire revivalist," a name to which he very strongly objected. He was not a *revivalist* in the common acceptation of that term. He did not make a speciality of revival work. He served the churches always and everywhere as a faithful preacher of the Gospel, and endeavoured upon all occasions to win the people for Christ.

John visited High Street Chapel, Huddersfield, for the purpose of conducting special services, during the time that Dr. Stacey was superintendent of the circuit. This visit was the commencement of Dr. Stacey's personal acquaintance with John Shaw. In writing of the services, the Dr. says, "He won upon me from the beginning. His addresses were singularly direct and pungent, delivered with great simplicity and earnestness,

and losing nothing, but gaining much, from his broad Pudsey vernacular and quaint turns of expression flavoured now and again with what would have been in the nature of wit or humour but for the manifest zeal which inspired them, and the high spiritual aims toward which they were pointed."

In the spring of 1872, John was invited to Stockton-on-Tees, to conduct a series of services. His coming was anticipated by special prayer meetings, and the expectations of the people were roused by the fame of his pulpit power. Large congregations gathered to hear him, and were delighted by his unique comments on the Scriptures, and his quaint and homely expositions of divine truth. The elder scholars of the Sunday school were much impressed, and on the Tuesday evening, after a sermon from the passage, "What is that to thee? follow thou me" (*John* xxi. 22), about twelve of them were persuaded to follow Christ, and are now amongst the most active members of the church in that northern town. Some have entered upon larger spheres of service, among whom are the Rev. G. and Mrs. Wheatley.

By the grace of God, he was enabled to "turn many to righteousness," and to confirm many in righteousness. His ministry was a varied one. He dealt with a wide range of Scriptural topics, and was able to meet the needs of all his hearers. He was not only "a burning light," kindling conviction in the hearts of sinners, setting their consciences all ablaze with the truths which he himself felt the force of in his own life; but, to men in perplexity and sorrow he was "a shining light," shedding the clear beams of duty upon their pathway, and illuminating their sorrow with the soft radiance of divine consolation, thereby becoming to all the welcome messenger of God.

Chapter X.—ON THE KING'S BUSINESS.

JOHN travelled many miles on the King's business, and the business was always well done. He had to be exceedingly careful when away from home. His health might many times have been seriously endangered, and his life shortened, had he not been extremely cautious about exposure to the cold night-air after preaching, and also about the possible dampness of the beds in which he had to sleep. He had a dread of damp beds, and, in the latter part of his life, when away from home, would never sleep alone. This insistence upon a bed-fellow might have been the outcome of John's shrewdness. He knew that to sleep with a son of the family, or the father of the family, with whom he might be staying, in the bed ordinarily occupied, would be perfectly safe; but that there was likely to be some risk in sleeping in the bed set apart for visitors. Or John might have had a pre-monition of the suddenness of his decease, and, therefore, did not care to spend the night alone. If he had any such pre-monition, he never mentioned it, except we so regard the saying uttered not long before his death, "Ah'st be poppin' off one o' theäs days."

The people with whom John was in the habit of staying always respected his desire to have company during the night. Where he had not been before, the desire would sometimes occasion difficulty, but John was always ready with suggestions to clear the difficulty away. On one occasion, at a strange house, the host shewed him

to his bedroom, but they were no sooner within the door than John said, "If it mak's noā difference to you, ah'd rayther sleep wi' your lad." His host thought it hardly proper, not sufficiently courteous and hospitable to his guest, to allow him to do this; but John overcame his scruples, and slept with the lad. The host himself occupied the visitor's bed, and, alas! it was damp, and the effects of that night's rest were much suffering and an untimely death. John did not know that the bed was damp; he had not been near it; but merely insisted upon his wise precaution of sleeping with a bed-fellow.

John always liked to stay at the same house, if at all possible, during his visits to the same place. He was a visitor for thirty years at the house of Mr. George Hirst, Dewsbury, and a visitor for several years at his father's previously. He rarely missed a quarter preaching at Dewsbury all that time. At Batley, too, he came regularly to preach, quarter by quarter, for thirty-five years, and he always stayed over-night at the same house, and, with few exceptions, slept with the same man. The same may be said of his visits to Brighouse. When he was comfortably accommodated at a place for the first time, and there was any likelihood of his visiting the locality again, he made sure of the same place by a few kindly words. At Barnsley, where he had been staying for a day or two, he said to the lady who had thoughtfully ministered to his wants, "Ah've been varry comfortable. Ah'st be comin' to Ardsley before long, an' if you dunnot mind, ah'll turn in at t'same door."

He had long journeys sometimes, by awkward cross country routes, but he generally managed to reach his destination without mishap. In 1848, before he had quite lost the fear of a recurrence of his fits, he went into the Ripon Circuit, accompanied by his friend, Mr. John Boyes, of Pudsey. He preached at Kirby Malzeard.

on the Sunday, reaching that place on the Saturday night in a farmer's cart from Ripon; on the Monday he preached at Grewelthorpe; and on the Tuesday at Ripon in the Circuit chapel. These services were taken for the superintendent minister, the Rev. James Henshaw, who was away at the Conference, fulfilling presidential duties,—for that year he was elected President of the Connexion. After this John visited many other distant places, from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Leicester, but, having quite overcome his affliction, he mostly went alone, or, after his marriage, accompanied by Mrs. Shaw.

Not many years after his marriage he arranged to preach and speak at Stapleford, which was a difficult place to reach from Pudsey at that day. Mrs. Shaw went with him. It was holiday time, and the trains were both busy and irregular. They went to Leeds, intending to go by the Midland route to Derby, thence to Sandiacre, the nearest station to Stapleford; but, unfortunately, they missed the train at Leeds, and could not go forward at all that day. What were they to do? They could not conveniently return to Pudsey, and be back at Leeds in time for the morning train, and, therefore, they decided to remain in Leeds all night. They went to Mr. Nettleton's, one of John's friends, and a brother preacher, and asked for the shelter of his kitchen until the morning. Mr. Nettleton pressed them to have his bed, and offered himself to remain in the kitchen; but no! John would not deprive him of a comfortable night's rest because of the mishap, and he and Mrs. Shaw sat by the warm hearthstone, and dozed the hours away until the time came for them to start for the station. With many detentions, here and there, they proceeded slowly to Derby, and were told at Derby that they would have to change and wait several hours before they could

go on their way to Sandiacre. The time came for the train to leave Derby, but no train appeared, and, after waiting a considerable time longer, they found that the line was blocked through a breakdown, and it was very unlikely that they would be able to reach Sandiacre before the next morning.

John was planned to preach the next morning, and he must keep the appointment. He inquired how far it was to walk, and in which direction they would have to go; but the distance, and the difficulty in finding the way, particularly now that the darkness had fallen, and considering that the way was very lonely, would have made it next to impossible for them safely to reach their journey's end. If there were no other plan, and the line was not cleared, John was determined to walk. He, and his wife, paced the platform in their dilemma, and wondered how they should do. There was only another person on the platform. He eyed the curious couple as he passed and re-passed them, and at last ventured to speak to them. He ascertained the fix they were in, and then told them that he had come to the station to meet some friends he was expecting, and that his horse and trap were outside waiting to drive his friends home; that he had found, upon inquiries, through the breakdown on the line, his friends could not possibly arrive that evening; and he proposed, having to go in the direction of Stapleford, that they should join him, and he would drop them at the nearest point to that village. They gladly assented, John regarding it as a providential arrangement, and not forgetting to say, "Praise the Lord!" They were driven to Ockbrook Lane End, and the way to Stapleford was pointed out to them. They were still several miles away, and it was dark, but they bravely trudged the country lanes, and eventually arrived, late at night, at the door of Mr. John Dalley,

in Stapleford. In answer to their knock, the door was thrown wide open, and a cheery voice said, "Come in, thou blessed man of God." And right glad they were to receive this hearty and sacred welcome after so long and wearisome a journey. Only a man with a high regard for his calling, and conscientious in the discharge of his duty, as a preacher of the Word, would have persisted in going through the difficulties of that journey, and reaching the place where he was appointed in time to declare the divine message.

At one time, when Mary Ann was a little girl, and while John was preaching at Westwoodside, in Lincolnshire, it was arranged that his wife and daughter should come over and spend a few days in that pleasant neighbourhood. Mrs. Shaw and Mary Ann were to arrive at Doncaster by a certain train, and John was to meet them there; then they were to proceed together to Haxe, and be driven over to Westwoodside. John was at Doncaster looking out for them, but they did not come. The mother and daughter were at Holbeck station, outside Leeds, where they had met with a few friends, and chatted with them until the arrival of the train. Mrs. Shaw asked the porter if that were the train for Doncaster, and understood him to say "No!" Their friends entered the train, and they wished them "Good day," and, when the train had moved off, Mrs. Shaw said to the porter, "Will the train for Doncaster be long?"

"For where?" asked the porter.

"Doncaster."

"Why, that's it," answered the porter, pointing to the train receding in the distance, which had just carried away their friends. Mrs. Shaw tried to hide her anxiety from the child, and asked when the next train would leave for Doncaster, and settled down to wait for it as calmly as she could.

Meanwhile John was alarmed at their non-appearance, and thought something must have befallen them. He sent a telegram to Pudsey, and waited for a reply, but no reply came. His fears increased, and he returned to Haxey, drove to Westwoodside for his luggage, and came back again post haste to Haxey intending to take the next train for Doncaster and home. By this time Mrs. Shaw and Mary Ann were on their way to Haxey. They were put in the express at Holbeck, and reached Doncaster not long after John's return to Westwoodside. Mrs. Shaw knew nothing of the route to Haxey, and, upon arriving in Doncaster, and not seeing her husband, she knew not what to do. The child had become suspicious that there was something wrong, and asked why her father was not there. Mrs. Shaw wished to keep the child calm, and told her they should see him soon. She looked up and down the platform in her difficulty, and wondered how she should manage to reach her husband, when a man, in working clothes, approached her, and said, "Do you come from Leeds?"

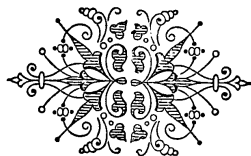
She did not know what to answer. She was afraid the man's motive in asking the question might not be a good one. But he said, "Don't be afraid. I think I've seen your husband. He has gone back to Haxey. He sent a telegram to Pudsey, and waited for an answer, but no answer came. But, by the look of his face, he wants you."

By the help of this kind-hearted stranger, they were speedily in the train for Haxey, and rapidly nearing their destination. When they were steaming into the station, Mary Ann looked out of the window, and joyously said, "I see my father." There John was, with his luggage about him, waiting to return home. He caught sight of his daughter's face, and with all his might, so that the word went ringing along the rafters of the station house, he shouted, "GLORY!" The porters

looked round in surprise. The guard forgot to hurry in the luggage. The stoker dropped his shovel, and the driver his oil-can, to look over the engine rail. Faces crowded the carriage windows, and heads were thrust out of the doors. "GLORY!" again shouted John, in stentorian tones, at the same time running to the carriage to help out his wife and child. The people now began to take in the scene, and were full of smiles. Mrs. Shaw said, "Hush, John, hush; everybody's lookin'." But John was too excited and joyous to hush, and in tones less loud, but quite as fervent, he said, "Hallelujah!"

"John, John, John, do be quiet," pleaded Mrs. Shaw.

"Ah cannot. Praise the Lord, *praise* the Lord," and the train moved off, leaving John still shouting, and in happy possession of his treasures. The scene is yet remembered at Haxey station. The people tell yet, with faces wreathed in smiles, what an enthusiastic welcome John gave to his wife and child.



Chapter XI.—SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

JOHN SHAW was always ready to sow the precious seed of the Gospel. He withheld not his hand at any time, but everywhere he cast in the grain, praying that God might bless it with germinating life and increase. And he sowed the seed in a remarkable way. His tact was wonderful. As he came out of a chapel at Staningley, after a service he had been conducting, a man remarked, "You've gi'en it 'em hot, John, this mornin'."

"Hi'," John replied, "hest tah gotten owt?"

He was often concerned about the spiritual welfare of his friends, and especially if that welfare were endangered either by prosperity or adversity. One of his friends was making headway in the world, and had bought a few cottage houses. John reminded him of his altered circumstances by saying, "Well, Ben, tha cannot sing nah,—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man."

When his friend, John Wood, of Brighthouse, commenced business as a cab proprietor, he feared that the business might draw him into evil company. He went over to Brighthouse specially to talk with him on the subject, and to warn him against placing his spiritual life in peril. John put the advice in his own way. He said, "Tha knaws, Wood, tha munnot goä ridin' i' cabs till tha forgets Jesus."

John was planned at Dewsbury the Sunday after the burning down of the mill belonging to Messrs. Hirst Brothers. He had seen the account in the paper, and was very much troubled about it. When he entered Mr. George Hirst's house on the Saturday, his first words were, "Aye, Mayster, it'll be hard for you to say, 'All things work together for good,' after this fire."

To rich and poor alike John was always prepared to speak a word for Jesus Christ. He and three or four friends from Pudsey, walked over to Adwalton to a tea meeting in the summer of 1860. On the way they met Colonel Tempest, of Tong Hall, who had recently come into possession of the residence and estate, and they asked him if he would kindly shew them round the Hall. He readily consented, and, while they were looking through the principal rooms, inquired if there were a volunteer regiment in Pudsey. He spoke strongly in favour of the formation of such a regiment, and John asked him if he would do for a volunteer. The Colonel gravely shook his head and said he thought he would hardly be a likely man. Looking at the youngest member of the four, Mr. John Boyes, he expressed the opinion that he was the most suitable if he felt inclined to enter the service. But Mr. Boyes was a member of the Peace Society. John thought now was the time to have a shot at the Colonel, and he said, "Ah hope, Colonel, you've enlisted in a better army nor Queen Victoria's, an' that yo'r ready to fight for the kingdom of Heaven." The Colonel made no answer. He was not disposed to converse on a topic so personal. But John, with rare tact and a real native courtesy, spake a few quiet words to him about the great importance of attending to his spiritual needs.

Not long before he died, while waiting for the train at Batley station, John took his seat on the platform beside

an old man. He leaned upon his stick with both hands, and bending slightly forward to look tenderly into the old man's face, he said, "Hev' you gotten yo'r ticket, mayster?"

"Hi, for ought I know," the old man replied, at the same time fumbling in his waistcoat pockets to make sure that he had it.

"Ah dunnot meän yo'r ticket for t' train," John said, "ah meän your ticket for Heaven."

The old man could only give an indefinite reply, and in his sympathetic manner, which was always strongly drawn out by the aged and the young, John spoke to him about the necessity of preparing for the better life, especially when his earthly life was approaching its close.

In his pastoral visits John always dealt personally with any one present on the subject of religion. The Rev. R. Hutton says, "My recollections of John Shaw go back to the days of my childhood,—certainly as far back as 1848. At that time John was a frequent visitor at the home of a playmate of mine. He would come in of an evening and sit talking with the inmates of the house, and his talk was invariably on the one theme,—the value of religion in making life happy. He always spoke with great earnestness, and with simple directness, to the persons who might be present. "Hes ta given thy heart to God?" was a frequent question, and so persistently did he press it that sometimes various shifts were resorted to by lodgers in the house, and others, in order to avoid his appeals. On one occasion, one of the lodgers made his escape upstairs. John came in. By-and-by he asked, "Wheär's Redman?" No answer was at first forthcoming; but as John caught one of us youngsters glancing at the staircase, he guessed where Redman had gone to. Approaching the bottom of the steps, he called out, and exhorted the hider to come forth like a man,

adding, "Tha will'nt be able to hide thyself from t' great Judge, Redman." After speaking to all present in his quaint, earnest way, he usually offered a most urgent and energetic prayer.

A man well known to him in Pudsey, and living a very careless life, once boastingly said, "John, ah'm flade o' nowt, nawther i' this world nor t' next."

"Aren't ta," John said, "but tha'll find it aht 'ut thy bed 'll be too short for thee to stretch thyself on it, an' thy blanket 'll be too narrow for thee to wrap thyself in it."

If many of the careless men of Pudsey were not "flade" of John Shaw, they must have had a feeling akin to fear,—a fear mingled with respect. One drunken man was talking to another on Stanningley station platform, and the other was inclined to be uproarious; but his companion checked him, by saying, "Hush! there's John Shaw comin'."

Returning from Otley by train on Whit-Sunday evening, in 1866, the compartment was filled at one station by rough men, who began to smoke and swear, and conduct themselves very rudely. Mr. Dalley, of Stapleford, was with John, and says that he "sat in a corner looking unutterable things out of those eyes which were so queer, and almost speaking from those lips which, even in their silence seemed to be speaking." At last one of the men shouted, "Ah didn't know we'd a funeral sarmon i' t' carriage. Look i' that corner." All his companions looked, and burst into loud laughter. John remained perfectly unmoved. The same set expression, an expression of sorrowful reproof, remained upon his countenance. The laughter died away; and, from that time to the end of the journey, not a single profane word fell from the lips of any one present. Upon leaving the compartment, the man who had called the attention of

the company to John, quietly begged his pardon. It was readily granted, and a few kindly words were spoken which the man would remember for many a day.

In visiting the cottages of a village near Stapleford, John was startled to hear that one couple, with several children, were not married. He asked the father of the children if it were true. The man shamefully confessed it, and John severely, but lovingly, spake to him about his wrong-doing. The man's heart was softened beneath John's appeal. He promised to get married, and the promise was faithfully kept. This fearless and direct dealing with men John found to answer in most instances. Visiting a house in Batley with him one day, where a woman lay afflicted and helpless, I was astonished at the effect of his straight words to the woman's husband, a hard-hearted, idle dog-racer, who was sitting upon the hearthstone. It seemed impossible to touch that man's tender feelings, but beneath John's words he was melted, and he knelt down for prayer.

In his preaching journeys John often came across sceptical people, and people with peculiar religious ideas, and would occasionally be drawn into controversy with them. He would sometimes relate in his sermons what had taken place in these controversies, and would always refer to Paine, not as *Tom Paine*, but *Thomas*, while Lord Bolingbroke never received his title as *Lord* from John's lips, but was always spoken of as "*Billy Brook*." He once attended a lecture by a Unitarian gentleman in Pudsey, after the delivery of which discussion was invited. John took the field, on the Scriptural basis only, being well fitted for the task by his extensive and detailed knowledge of the Bible, and astonished the lecturer, and greatly delighted the audience by his handling of the Scriptural proof for the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

When on his way from Pudsey to Horsforth to a preaching appointment, he came across a professed sceptic, who immediately began to tackle him on the Bible. The man said, "Look here John, ah don't think much to t' Bible. There's a lot o' stuff in it 'at have a varry strong objection to. Some of it isn't a bit o' good, and some of it's really bad." John made no reply for a little while, and the sceptic thought he was going to oust him. Presently, however, they passed by a field where a man was feeding cattle. John stopped, and pointing at the cattle, said, "Tha sees them cahs i' that field: well, nah, just watch 'em. There's a lot o' nettles an' stuff growin' i' t' field; but t' cahs leäve iverything an' go an' eyt what t' man gives 'em. An' supposin' there is a lot o' stuff i' t' Bible 'at 's noä good, what does t' Book say, 'Eat ye that which is *good*, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.' That's what ah do, an' that's what ah want thee to do." It was now the sceptic's turn for silence, and his silence gave John the opportunity of pointing out the needs of men, and the merciful and ample provision which God had made to meet those needs.

Years before John was married, he was conducting a series of special services at a place some miles away from home, when a young woman, in constant attendance at the services, thought that John would make her a suitable husband. But the difficulty was how to get hold of him. She hit upon an ingenious method, a method which she expected would act like a charm. She never missed a service. She found out where John was staying, and called at the house in professed friendship to the people. She even inveigled John one night into walking part of the way home with her. When the plot was ripe, she came in the daytime, and requested that John would favour her with a private interview on

a matter of great importance. The request was granted. When they were together, she began to tell John of a certain man who was anxious to pay his addresses to her. "Well," said John, "is'nt he a suitable man."

"Yes," she said, "he may be, but I don't care for him."

"I' that case," John made answer, "you'd better send him abaht his business."

"Well," she said, "I don't like to do that ; but I shall have to do it."

"Of course," said John.

"I've made up my mind to do it," she said, "an' all the more so, because God has given me a revelation about another man that I like much better, and told me, in a dream, that this other man shall be my husband."

"Haw ! " said John, in a little surprise.

"An' can you guess who it is ? " she said.

"No !" John replied, " ah'm sewer ah cannot."

"Well ! you might do," she said. "God has told me that *you* are the man that I'm to marry.

"Has He ? " John answered. "He's said nowt to me abaht it, an' ah think He would ha' done if He'd meant it. But as sooin as He tells me, ah'll let you know. Good afternoon ! "

And the schemer departed, greatly chagrined that her ingenuity had been wasted, and that John Shaw, whom she thought she was sure of, was more than a match for her.



Chapter XII.—THE COMING OF THE MASTER.

NOTWITHSTANDING his arduous labours, John Shaw's health, after his tendency to fits had been overcome, was remarkably sound for thirty years. He did not wear an overcoat, considering such a garment unnecessary, until a few years before his death. He wore a kind of home-made tippet in the winter evenings, which covered his shoulders and buttoned round his neck. This garment added not a little to his odd appearance. He would turn out in all weathers, and walk long distances to his preaching appointments; and although he must have suffered from fatigue, his constitution was so recuperative that he was speedily all right again.

To those who knew him well, however, a change was apparent after he had turned his sixtieth year,—a slight change, a loss of elasticity in his gait, a weariness earlier manifest after his day's toil. The people at Pudsey, his own people, began to notice it first; and a good old woman, very much concerned about it, suggested to Mrs. Shaw that they should pray for his life to be lengthened out fifteen years, as in the case of Hezekiah, the king of Judah. To other people, whom John was in the habit of visiting, this slight change began to manifest itself; and it was noticed that he had a great thirst upon him during the last few months of his life, a thirst which he could not satisfy.

John calmly worked on, never requesting any diminution of work, and as ready as ever to make special engagements for Missionary and Temperance meetings. The Rev. W. Wilshaw, then the superintendent of the Bradford Circuit, remonstrated with him on entering into special engagements. He advised him to husband

his strength for the preaching of the Gospel. But whatever John might consent to in regard to addresses at special meetings, he would not hear of any curtailment of his preaching services, although he felt himself that he was not so well able as formerly to undertake the journeys, and had sometimes to arrange to be driven part of the way home. Still he laboured on, and, in the midst of his labours, patiently waited for the coming of the Master.

Death, to John, was the coming of the Master. He firmly believed in another coming, in the appearance and millennial reign of the Saviour; and for that coming he looked, with earnest spiritual gaze, as so many others have done, but he was not permitted to see it. The Saviour came to him, personally, sooner, and received him with the welcome, "Well done!"

In John's early years, he did not freely accept the teaching of Christ's millennial reign, and often had conversations about it with the Rev. B. Earnshaw. He and Mr. Earnshaw were intimate friends, and often slept together at Adwalton and Hunslet; and Mr. Earnshaw was naturally anxious to win John completely over to his views. At one time they were talking far into the night, and John was not fully persuaded, although Mr. Earnshaw assured him that Dr. Cooke was quite in the dark on that subject. John was rather wearied and sleepy, and much to Mr. Earnshaw's amazement, abruptly ended the conversation by exclaiming, "Well! it doesn't much matter when He comes, but when He does come ah s'all go up with Him."

The last time I was with John Shaw was at the Rev. W. Longbottom's, in Huddersfield. The previous day we had been together at the Berry Brow Lovefeast, and John had spoken with great fervency and power at the evening meeting. We were dining at Mr. Longbottom's,

and during dinner the conversation turned upon the saint's departure from this temporary dwelling place into the abiding home. John remarked that he knew of no passage in the New Testament Scriptures where the *Christian*, the believer in Christ, was admonished to look forward to *death*, but that he was always exhorted to look forward to *the coming of the Master*; and, with great facility, he quoted from memory many passages in proof of the statement he had made. John himself was not looking for death. It was not Death whom he expected, a spectre before whom his heart quailed, but Life, eternal Life, in the revealed presence of the Saviour, toward Whom his heart leaped forth in gladsome anticipation.

Special services had been arranged, in connection with the Pudsey Society, for the second week in November, 1879. The week previous, prayer meetings were held, which John attended and conducted. On the Sunday he was planned at Otley, and on the Monday evening had consented to speak at the annual tea meeting of a Congregational chapel at Soothill, near Batley. John officiated at interments in the graveyard connected with the Pudsey chapel, and there was a funeral which required his presence on the Saturday afternoon, immediately before leaving home for Otley. He was about to walk to the chapel to attend the funeral, when, mentioning the name of a poor old woman, a neighbour, he said to his wife, "Ah believe she has no coils, an' its varry cold weather. Ah think ah'll tak' her some," and, filling two buckets with coals, he carried them to the old woman's house, where they were gratefully welcomed.

The funeral was after time, and John had to hurry from the graveyard to the station to catch the train. He proceeded to Otley, and preached there next day; and, on the Monday, in company with an old Primitive Methodist local preacher, he went to Leeds, and thence

to Batley. He spoke with great fervour at the tea meeting, delighting the audience with his humorous, direct, and telling phrases in the vernacular so thoroughly understood and appreciated in this locality. Mr. Sunderland, of Follingworth, invited him to stay all night at his house, and he accepted the invitation on condition that the Rev. C. C. Edwards, the minister of the place, would stay and sleep with him. At supper table, and during the conversation afterwards, he appeared to be in his usual health ; but no sooner had he and Mr. Edwards retired to their bedroom, than symptoms of illness began to manifest themselves, and John felt at once that his end was come. Mr. Edwards immediately summoned the host and hostess, and a medical man was sent for without delay ; but while the messenger was going, John "was not, for God took him." After asking Mr. Edwards to tell his wife and daughter to meet him in Heaven, he knelt down and prayed for them, and, with their beloved names upon his lips and in his memory, the glory burst upon him, and he beheld the Saviour. As on another occasion, but with a deeper and grander significance, John might have said,

" T'NEET'S GOÄN, T'MORN'S COME."

Two gentlemen from Batley went over to Pudsey next day, by the very train that John would have gone by, to break the sad news to his wife. Arriving at the house, they asked, " Does John Shaw live here ? " Mrs. Shaw was preparing dinner, and expecting him every minute. Looking at the strangers, she said, " Yes ! come in. He'll soon be here. He must be comin' up the road now."

" We've something to tell you about John," said one of them, in grave tones.

" I'm not prepared to hear anything about John," she said, realising for the first time that they were messengers

of trouble, and sitting down to listen to them. As gently and tenderly as they could, they told her of the sudden event, but it came upon her with crushing force. So quickly, so unexpectedly had he gone, that the darkness closed around her, and she was a little while before she saw the light of divine consolation beaming upon her from the "exceeding great and precious promises" of God's word.

The news spread rapidly, and there was great sadness among both rich and poor. A heavy shadow rested upon the whole neighbourhood. One little lad, who had often felt the pinch of hunger, remarked, when he heard of it, "Then he'll bring us no more bread." Mr. Alderman Addyman, of Leeds, meeting a friend in Briggate, burst into tears, and said, "John Shaw's dead. Have you seen the *Mercury* this mornning?" "Well! you're going to bury that old friend of mine," remarked an old gentleman in Pudsey to several ministers on their way to the chapel. And, while the tears coursed each other down his cheeks, he said, "Ah, he was one of the best friends I ever had. He has given me many a warning, many an entreaty."

The local newspapers spoke of him in the highest terms. Letters from friends, both near and far, and in every grade of life, poured in upon Mrs. Shaw in testimony of John's worth, and in token of deep sympathy and condolence with her in her bereavement. The funeral was attended by a multitude of people. The chapel and graveyard were crowded to excess. Among the pall bearers were the local ministers of all Denominations, including the Rev. H. J. Graham, the vicar of Pudsey. The following ministers officiated at the funeral, the Rev. J. Atkinson (Congregational), Revs. C. D. Ward, D.D., J. Addyman, W. Wilshaw, J. Ramsden, and H. T. Marshall; and many other ministers and

laymen of the Methodist New Connexion were present at the funeral. When Dr. Ward, in his address, said that very many in Pudsey had lost a faithful friend, "the sobs that just then broke out all through the large audience were *most* impressive."

Members of all Denominations united to express their loving appreciation of John Shaw's character and work by the erection of a granite monument over his grave, and the placing of a beautiful white marble tablet in Mount Zion Chapel, Pudsey. The tablet contains the following inscription :—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
 JOHN SHAW,
 OF PUDSEY,
 BORN, MARCH 25TH, 1814,
 DIED, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1879.
 HE WAS MIGHTY IN THE SCRIPTURES AND IN PRAYER.
 FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS HE WAS A DILIGENT
 CLASS-LEADER AND LOCAL PREACHER
 IN CONNECTION WITH THIS CHURCH,
 AND WAS CHIEFLY INSTRUMENTAL IN THE ERECTION
 OF THIS EDIFICE.
 BY HIS UNWEARIED LABOURS AS A PREACHER,
 AND A VISITOR OF THE SICK AND DYING,
 HE WAS RENDERED EMINENTLY USEFUL
 FAR BEYOND THE LIMITS OF
 HIS OWN DENOMINATION.
 THIS TABLET HAS BEEN ERECTED
 BY SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM HIS FRIENDS
 IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE CHURCH,
 AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS
 HIGH CHRISTIAN CHARACTER,
 AND HIS SELF-DENYING LABOURS
 IN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.
 "HE WAS A BURNING AND SHINING LIGHT."

The Rev. J. Atkinson, of Hamburg, formerly Congregational minister of Pudsey, and who was intimate with John Shaw for eighteen years, writes, "In less than one month after my settlement in Pudsey, Mr. Shaw paid me a visit, his object being to invite me to a Missionary meeting in the New Connexion chapel, and, at the same time, he gave me a very cordial welcome to Pudsey, spoke in a most kindly manner of the church with which I had become connected, and expressed a desire that, in my work as a minister, I might be both happy and useful. In the course of the conversation which I then had with him, I soon found that although a man of very limited education, he was distinguished by good common sense, and by no means a novice in religion, and from that time there began an intimacy between us which continued up to the period of his death. In the course of this intimacy I had many opportunities of coming into contact with Mr. Shaw, and observing his manner of life. He often visited me, and opened his mind on many subjects both of a private character and those relating to the churches. I frequently saw him in his own house, found him in many religious meetings and services connected with almost all the chapels and Sunday schools in the town and district, and learned to regard him with ever growing esteem."

After speaking of John's "very decided piety," Mr. Atkinson continues, "Another thing in Mr. Shaw, very obvious to those who knew him, was his constant desire to be religiously useful. Having experienced the value of religion himself, he was moved to great efforts in order to bring others under its influence. For this end he seemed always ready for any service whether of a private or more public character. During the earlier part of the time I knew him, he was engaged in a small way of business, but even then his hours of leisure were gladly

devoted to Christian work, and when he came to be in easier circumstances, it may be said that his whole time was given up to it. In my visits to his house, I often found him reading his Bible and consulting such books as "Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament," in order to prepare himself for his engagements as a local preacher. I frequently met him paying visits to the sick and infirm that he might speak to them of divine things, or found him sitting in some cottage home with the inmates, and perhaps one or two of the neighbours round him taking part in conversation about things pertaining to their common life, but at the same time never failing to bring in something bearing on their spiritual welfare, and if possible asking them to join him in prayer for the divine blessing. And in all there was a marked cheerfulness in his speech and manner which made him a welcome visitor in the homes of the common people, and did not a little to commend the religion he professed.

"To this it must be added that John Shaw always seemed, in his religion, to be remarkably free from sectarian bias or feeling. He was justly attached to the Methodist New Connexion, the services of which had proved the means of bringing him to the knowledge of the Gospel, and I always found it pleasant to hear him speak in kindly and respectful terms of the ministers of that section of the Church, and of the work in which they were engaged. At the same time he appeared perfectly at home amongst Christians of all Denominations, ever ready to join in their services, and to rejoice in their prosperity. In the 'United prayer meetings' and 'Communion services' held in accordance with the recommendation of the 'Evangelical Alliance' during the first week in each year, he was a willing and delighted helper, ready to take "any place" that might be assigned to him, and evidently desirous that, through

them, the spirit of union among the churches might be strengthened.

“As a preacher, too, he was always at the call of any minister or congregation needing his aid. Not unfrequently he conducted the Wednesday evening service of my own Church, and also on several occasions that of the Sunday evening, and although his style of preaching was not of the kind to which Congregationalists are, in general, accustomed, the people always listened to him with pleasure and derived profit from his discourses. To our annual Missionary meetings, too, he was always invited, generally joining the deputation at tea in my house, and on those occasions it could be seen that he was pleased to listen to the accounts of Christian labour in heathen lands, and to rejoice in the success with which it had been crowned. As a ‘supply’ he went, when other engagements permitted, to preach in several Congregational chapels in neighbouring towns. At one of these, where it was known that somewhat strong Calvinistic views of the gospel were held, he became for a time a special favourite, and was invited again and again to occupy the pulpit. Knowing, however, as the people did, that he belonged to a Methodist church, they questioned him on one of his visits as to his theological sentiments, and the answer he gave was thoroughly characteristic of the man—‘As much of Christ and as little of man as you like.’ This satisfied them; they at once looked upon him as one with themselves, and received profit from his ministry. Indeed it may be said that John Shaw knew little, and cared less about the controversies long maintained between Calvinists and Armenians, or any other controversies on things not essential to salvation. He knew and loved Christ, had pleasure in associating with good men in all sections of the Church, and came at length

to be looked upon, by those in Pudsey, as belonging to them all.

“Another thing very observable in Mr. Shaw, was his superiority to all mercenary considerations in the service he rendered either to the churches or the people around him. Through the whole period of my acquaintance with him he had but a limited income, which barely sufficed to meet his own and his family’s needs, and I know that at different times he might have made some addition to this by taking engagements as a preacher beyond his own section of the Church. Such engagements were, however, invariably declined if they seemed to interfere with what he felt to be his duty. On several occasions I remember being asked to secure his services for one or more Sundays in congregations accustomed to pay a small fee to their preachers ; but I always found that if he had some previous engagement, even though it might be to render a perfectly gratuitous service, he would upon no account either set it aside or ask any one to fulfil it on his behalf. He might feel justified in receiving any gift freely presented by those to whom he was made useful, but his first care was to serve, in the Gospel, the churches to which he specially belonged, and it was his greatest joy to know that he was instrumental in winning souls to the Saviour.”

Mr. Atkinson concludes by speaking of John’s “true Christian manliness,” which was one of the most conspicuous and pleasing features of his character.

Dr. Stacey writes, “His death was a distinct loss to the Connexion. He belonged to a type of men that have done much for Methodism, and was, so far as my knowledge goes, one of the best of them. His eccentricities,—rather, I would say, his distinctive specialities,—were altogether natural to him, coming to the surface unbidden, never put on, or used to give amusement or

excite a smile, but always to convey, as best he could, and with all seriousness of purpose, the thought immediately present to his mind. The type belongs to the past, and is not likely to be revived. Methodism will soon, I think, by its altered conditions, and the altered conditions of society in general, have no place for them. In this as in other things, it is true, whether said in Tennysonian prosody or in other measure or manner,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways."

While the sorrow of his departure was yet fresh in men's minds, Dr. Stacey, in chaste and beautiful language, himself under the shadow of a great loss, wrote the following words of tender sympathy and loving appreciation to the bereaved widow,—

"I am saddened to distress by the news of your husband's death. I should have sorrowed over the event at any time, but my own overwhelming loss seems now to add to my grief a peculiar smart. I held dear John in great esteem, and now reverence his sainted memory. He did not know how truly I admired him, both for his native ability and his genuine piety. He had singular force and originality of character, with much shrewdness of judgment, and readiness and kindness of wit and humour, yet over all and throughout the whole, there was a spirit of Christian modesty and goodness which gave to his characteristic qualities much power and a great charm. He always gave me the idea of one that lives near to God, of one that in the simplicity of a childlike trust and hope takes everything to God in prayer and supplication with thanksgiving; and this habit of mind, I doubt not, kept him from those special extravagances into which some gifted like himself have been apt to run. His reverence for Divine

things was as great, and his piety as simple and deep, as his natural talent was peculiar and his speech racy; and this ever balanced and graciously flavoured what he said, however in some respects it might be otherwise out of the common line, so that his utterances were always with grace, seasoned with salt. Sometimes, indeed, in moments of unwonted excitement, they only just stopped short of what men call genius. He deserves to take rank with some of the best of our sainted dead, and by those of us who knew him well he will not be forgotten so long as we can think and love at all."

FINIS.

